EVENINGS WITH SHAKESPEARE

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EVENINGS WITH SHAKESPEARE

AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY

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PREFACE

TWENTY years ago fifteen business and professional men in Holyoke organized a club for social and literary purposes. They met fortnightly during each winter alternately at the homes of the different members; each member in turn reading some essay which was followed by a discussion. Among the many essays read are the following, which the writer has put in permanent form as a tribute to the patience of the club, and as a record for the benefit of family and friends, to show how a portion of the last score of years has been passed in evenings at "The Club."

HOLYOKE, Dec. 25, 1910.

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CORIOLANUS

The members of the Club have been entertained during the past few months with reflections upon the purposes and objects of a club; have, under the guidance of an ex-Congressman, paid a visit to Washington and the halls of Congress; have wondered at the rapid conquests and overwhelming successes which attended Mahomet as he led the Saracens to Eastern conquests; have listened to the demands of education and its methods set forth by a skillful teacher; have traveled with the Judge through Canada, and declined to annex it to the United States; have enjoyed the examination of the foundations of our Government made by one of the club, aided by the illuminating light of Mr. Bryce; have considered the different phases of socialism, its lights and shadows; have in imagination visited the revolving planets about us, and dipped into the future somewhat further than human eye can see; have with the microscope considered the minutest objects of existence as they have been carefully exhibited to us by one of the suburban members of the club, while another, interested in things bucolic and electric, has explained to us how the tamed lightning will draw the street-cars about the city. A successful manufacturer has interestingly compared past with present business methods; while the Faërie

Queene has been gracefully introduced to the club by one of her most ardent admirers, leading us all to join him in his enthusiasm. We lately listened with pleasure to the essay which so carefully illustrated the moral and religious side of Shakespeare's character; and now, before the Doctor is called in at the close to explain Christian Science and mind cures, it may not be amiss to resume an examination of the works of Shakespeare, that myriad-minded man, —

> "Who knew and drew all ranks of men,
> And did such life to them impart
> They grew not old, immortal types,
> The lords of life and art."

The halls of the Roman Coliseum are falling into ruins, yet year by year visitors throng the old city to see the remnants of her former greatness and hold communion with the past. Formerly, to be a Roman citizen was one of the noblest privileges, and one which always entitled the man so qualified to receive the highest respect among his fellows.

The time described in the play of "Coriolanus" is the period shortly after 500 B. C. The play was written after those of "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," and is supposed to have been composed in the year 1607 or 1608. In its composition it is among the last of Shakespeare's plays, and exhibits great maturity of thought.

The story of Coriolanus has been well told by the

historian Plutarch, but it was left to the great dramatist to breathe as it were into the characters of that history a life of action and reality, so that they seem to live again in the imperial city, and people its streets, palaces, and public halls as in days of yore. The characters of the play are made to think, speak, and act with life and motion.

Holmes once said: "The latch-key which opens into the inner chamber of *my* consciousness fits, as I have reason to believe, the private apartments of a good many other people's thoughts. . . . The longer we live the more we find we are like other persons." Shakespeare has not hesitated to make free use of such a key, as he has skillfully opened to our inspection the hearts of all mankind. We are allowed to look into the minds and hearts of the actors and take note of their secret thoughts and aspirations, their hopes and fears.

He has shown to us in this play the envy and jealousy existing between the higher and lower classes of society, the former called in Roman history the patricians, and the latter the plebeians. During the time portrayed in the play, kings had ceased to reign and consuls held the first place. Reference is made to the withdrawal of the common people from the city; the attempt to establish a separate government is described; then followed an embassy and a concession to the demands of the people for representation; for this purpose the plebeians were allowed to choose

tribunes to look after their interests. These stood at the entrance of the Senate chamber, and if the passage of any measure was attempted which was hostile to the plebeians, the tribunes exclaimed, "Veto!" and the proposition was rejected.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus was not an admirer of the plebeian character. His actions in the past had stirred up some hostility among the plebeians. At one time there was a great scarcity of corn; and when a supply had come from Etruria the plebeians had asked for its gratuitous distribution. This was opposed by Caius Marcius, who exclaimed, "No corn or no tribunes"; hence in part the opposition we find among the plebeians in the play, which Menenius Agrippa so ingeniously sought to overcome. How skillfully he calmed the rising storm and subdued the anger of the populace, as he narrates the fable of the belly and the members, showing how all, though having different offices are yet dependent upon each other, telling them, —

> "The Senators of Rome are this good belly,
> And you the mutinous members; for, examine
> Their counsels and their cares; digest things rightly
> Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
> No public benefit which you receive
> But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
> And no way from yourselves."

The moral drawn from this fable is worthy of application to all discordant elements and disturbers of government. It aptly illustrates the dependence of

the different orders and members of the body politic on one another, shows how some are born to command and others to obey, while all should work harmoniously together for the good of the whole. The same subject is illustrated in another play, in the description of the busy hive, and is worthy of careful consideration by all advocates of socialism.

"Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a *king* and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously.
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark: as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat."

During the war which arose with the neighboring Volscians Caius Marcius led the Roman troops to battle, successfully drove the Volscians into their own city, Corioli, with a handful of followers, and returned in triumph home, winning the name of *Coriolanus* by that brave exploit.

Soon the time came for the choice of consul, which officer was chosen annually, usually from among those distinguished for military prowess. The name of Coriolanus, as the nation's defender and preserver, was brought before the people. He solicits their support, but finally fails of nomination. His indignation is without bounds; he is charged with treason and banished. He leaves his mother, wife, and boy, and indignant at his country's treatment, goes over to the Volscians and takes up arms against his fatherland. Under his leadership the Roman eagles are driven back, and the city of Rome is in danger. Ambassadors sent for terms of peace are coolly received; his old friend Menenius Agrippa uses his influence in vain. The approach of his mother and his noble wife and child, however, subdues his stubborn will, the power of maternal affection triumphs. He spares Rome, but pays the penalty with his own life.

Such in brief is the story.

We have heretofore alluded to the withdrawal of the plebeians, which threatened ruin to the Roman state. The establishment of the tribunes secured their adhesion to the existing government. Their support was sought by all who would win success, their voices and votes were needed to win the nomination to a consulship.

To win a man's support political aspirants often appeal to some affection of the one to be influenced. Is he poor — an offer of money is made. Is he ambitious — place or office is offered. Is he a strong partisan — they propose measures to advance his party interests. Had Rome required the payment of a poll-tax, doubtless the plebeians would have been appealed to for their votes by money or offers to pay this amount. It remained to later days to show how offices could be bought and sold for money. Well did the Prince of Arragon say when standing before the caskets in Portia's house: —

> "Let none presume
> To wear an undeserved dignity.
> O, that estates, degrees, and offices
> Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear honour
> Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
> How many then should cover that stand bare!
> How many be commanded that command!"

Coriolanus was a candidate for the consulship. He was too proud to beg and it was against his inclination to obtain office by appeals to the common people. Menenius tells him the Senate is well pleased to make

him consul and it remains that he speak to the people. This he dislikes to do; he says: —

> "I do beseech you
> Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
> Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
> For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage. Please you
> That I may pass this doing."
>
> "It is a part
> That I shall blush in acting, and might well
> Be taken from the people."

It is humiliating to his pride, but finally he yields to solicitation. He says, "Since the wisdom of their [the common people's] choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly."

> "Better it is to die, better to starve,
> Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
> Why in this wolvish toge should I stand here,
> To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
> Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't.
> What custom wills, in *all things* should we do 't,
> The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
> And mountainous error be too highly heapt
> For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
> Let the high office and the honour go
> To one that would do thus. — I am half through;
> The one part suffered, th' other will I do."

His appeal for the people's voices is successful, and Sicinius tells him: —

> "The custom of request you have discharged.
> The people do admit you; and you are summon'd,
> To meet anon, upon your approbation."

Thus the wily Tribune Sicinius talks to Coriolanus

in his presence; but we next find him in close confab with another tribune, Brutus, and also stirring up the people to reject Coriolanus and withdraw their approval of his fitness; telling the plebeians to notice—

> "With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
> How in his suit he scorned you; but your loves
> Thinking upon his services, took from you
> The apprehension of his present portance,
> Which, most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
> After th' inveterate hate he bears you."

Is not the preceding a portrayal of to-day's political drama? It is the needed vote instead of voice to-day, but office nowadays is too often bought instead of won by merit alone. Each party accuses the other of buying the election. What shall be done? Shall we fight the Devil with fire or let the good man suffer defeat? To what length shall we go, and when shall we stop, in the use of methods to secure the election of worthy men to office? How can we purify our elections? This old Roman play shows us the same unfair elements at work in days of old. Men then were used as the tools and machines of designing men who did not scruple at the methods used, provided the coveted office was obtained. The same danger threatens us to-day.

Was not the true principle by which we should be guided wisely stated by President Gates of Amherst College, in a public address delivered in December, 1890?

"To seek for political influence in upright and

noble ways, through convincing the reason and awakening and satisfying right desires is an honorable ambition, but since every man is to be regarded as an intelligent agent, under obligation to order his life for intelligent ends, how disgraceful becomes the work of the politician who is known as a clever 'manipulator of men.' *He* does not appeal to reason. *He* handles men as tools. He debases manhood in himself and in others. We see too what a flood of light this principle throws upon the enormous wrong done to American manhood by bribery, whether the price paid is the direct money bribe or is the public office which should be a public trust, but is debased to the level of partisan plunder. Respect for the intelligent manhood of every man, this alone can give us patience to wait while we labor for the full triumph of these greatly needed reforms of the ballot laws and civil service."

President Gates has given us a noble principle for guidance in elections, but it is a difficult one to enforce when applied to the ignorant foreigners crowding our shores. They are soon made voters, ready to sell their votes to the highest bidder. To appeal to their reason and intelligence is to cast pearls before swine, yet there is behind us the sustaining force and power of patriotism, educating and christianizing influences, powerfully working, which will I think under God's providence prevent ignorant and unprincipled men from obtaining control of our government.

Brutus and Sicinius disliked to hear the praises of Coriolanus; they would be friends to his face but foes behind his back, and strike him down from behind. Their insidious and underhand appeals are successful, and Coriolanus is rejected. The tribunes caused his defeat, and he condemns their power; says that

> "In a rebellion,
> When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
> Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
> Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
> And throw their power i' the dust."

He is accused of treason, and banishment pronounced. His impetuosity in war is also marked. Menenius only sees his worth, and finds words to praise him in his attempts to repress popular indignation. Says Menenius: —

> "His nature is too noble for the world;
> He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
> Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth;
> What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
> And, being angry, does forget that ever
> He heard the name of death."

His mother's power is seen in its influence over him when she begs him to go to the market-place and by apologies assuage the rising feelings of the populace. She says to him: —

> "You are too absolute;
> Though therein you can never be too noble,
> But when extremities speak, I 've heard you say,
> Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
> I' the war do grow together. Grant that, and tell me

In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there."

He is not yet convinced: —

"I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth
And by my *body's* action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness."

The mother replies: —

"At thy choice, then.
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin! Let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself."

Immediately Coriolanus replies: —

"Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place:
Chide me no more."

He goes, but the charges of tyranny arouse his indignation, and his fierce denunciation of the tribunes awakens a storm of fury, and a clamor arises for his banishment. Then bursts that storm of contempt of the populace: —

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reeks o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, *I banish you!* "

Compelled to leave his native city, he parts with wife, mother, and friends at the city gates. There he says: —

"When I am forth,
Bid me farewell and smile."

Immediately he goes to the camp of the Volscians, to the city of Antium; he calls for Aufidius, his former bitter foe, tells him that his country has banished him, and that he seeks revenge or death; he says that he —

"will fight
Against my cank'red country with spleen
Of all the under fiends."

The surprised Aufidius receives his former foe with open arms.

"Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. . . .
I do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour."

Aufidius gives him joint control of the troops, who advance upon Rome. Consternation now seizes the hearts of tribunes and Roman populace alike. The citizens cry out, "Though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will."

The envious Brutus says: —

"I do not like this news. . . .
Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!"

But all is not harmony in the camp of the foe. Coriolanus's military prestige awakens Aufidius's envy, stirred up by his lieutenant, who tells Aufidius that his own soldiers use Coriolanus —

"As the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end."

Such praise increases Aufidius's hate. He has carefully measured the mental qualities of his would-be ally, and judges that the same qualities which secured his banishment from Rome will of necessity secure his downfall in Corioli.

"So our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair,
To extol what it hath done."

The arrogance of the soldier is sure to ruin the civilian when placed upon a chair of state in honor of his deeds.

In vain do ambassadors seek interviews; unheard by Coriolanus, Cominius returns and says Coriolanus's eye is —

"Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity."

Menenius is besought by Brutus to make trial what his love can do for Rome. He consents, but says that he shall be careful of the time when he approaches; that Coriolanus —

"Was not taken well; he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive: but, when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him."

Brutus replies: —

"You know the very road into his kindness
And cannot lose your way."

We have not the menu of Coriolanus, to know the courses of his table; we only know that the post-prandial interview proved unsuccessful. The pleadings of his old friend were in vain. Coriolanus tells him —

"Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly. My remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much."

Coriolanus sees his mother and wife approaching, dressed in mourning habits, and leading his young boy; but he determines not to yield: "I'll never," he says, —

"Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin."

He receives them coldly; anon, he appeals to them,

"Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome's mechanics:* tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons."

It is stated by one of the historians of the time that when his mother advanced, Coriolanus was too much a Roman to fail of filial respect, but ordered the fasces lowered. "Am I face to face with my son or with an enemy?" said the dignified woman as she approached.

"To poor we
Thine enmity's most capital. Thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine. If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread —
Trust to 't, thou shalt not — on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world —

. . . . . .

If thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: "*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd."

The mother won. She saved her country, but she lost her son. His relenting heart turned the envious Volscians against himself, and he fell at last pierced by the swords of conspirators.

The history is adapted in its application to the present day as well as to Roman times. Enmity and dislike of government are not wholly unknown to the present generation. There are not wanting those also who, like the tribunes in the play, seek to disturb the minds of the common people, soliciting votes for the office rather than for the good of the state. It cannot be said of them as was said of the Duke of Wellington, that he was one who —

> "Cares not to be great,
> But as he saves or serves the state."

How often the charge is made that the office was obtained by unworthy methods! Popular support is sought and the politician does not hesitate to —

> "Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning."

Coriolanus disliked to beg votes or buy them by dissimulation. He wished to be and not to seem — he preferred to be a servant to the common people in his own way rather than to rule over them in theirs. In the forum of his conscience was tried the cause so often tried in the hearts of men. The voice of nature pleaded for Honor, while his mother urged policy. Honor and manhood lost, and policy won. Pride desired the consulship, while Conscience told him not

to buy it of the common people by false pretences. A mother's influence in this case overcame the conscientious scruples of the son.

The influence of the Roman mother is vividly portrayed in this play. In the first act, one citizen tells another that Coriolanus engaged in war to please his mother. She makes her influence felt in the canvas for the consulship, and when she approaches Antium, and beseeches Coriolanus to spare Rome, her appeals alone secured what no one else could accomplish. Maternal affection and family ties conquered the bitterest hate.

In Shakespeare's plays we find great contrasts in the characters described. In this we find different classes of Roman citizens contrasted. The plebeians claimed that the patricians were oppressive, and they were envious of their power.

It was well for Rome and the safety of the state that it possessed in the time of disorder such a wise counselor as Menenius Agrippa. His deliberate counsels appear the wiser, contrasted with the hasty exclamations of the excited populace, who in our day would be found among the Socialists and Knights of Labor.

Note the contrast between mother and wife, — the latter so quiet that Coriolanus chides her when he comes in elated with victory, calls her his "gracious silence," says to her as she weeps tears of joy, —

> "Would'st thou have laughed had I come coffin'd home,
> That weep'st to see me triumph?"

She would not leave her home in his absence, could not bear to hear of his being wounded, so tender-hearted was the wife. The mother rejoiced to hear of wounds, and thought only of their convincing force in advancing her son's political interests.

The boldness of the mother makes the modesty of the wife the more attractive by contrast. Ruskin delights to notice that Shakespeare has no perfect heroes — only perfect heroines, and beginning with Cordelia closes the long list with Virgilia, "last and perhaps loveliest."

Every life is affected by the circumstances that surround it, and these the poet in this play has skillfully woven into the story to illustrate character in questions of war and peace, of social and political life. Men and women move amid these scenes, speaking and acting their minutest thoughts. We admire the nobility of the hero, but regret his inability to rule his spirit when counter-currents meet in his life. His banishment excites our pity, but we side with his mother when she makes that strong appeal for her country's salvation.

Our sympathy was with him when he was trying to win by noble ends alone, while his mother argued for policy; but now she has forgotten her anger at the banishment of her son and thinks first of her country. Great was her trial, but the noblest sentiments finally prevailed, and her country is saved.

The cry of treason caused the banishment of Corio-

lanus; now the same cry among his country's foes brings him to sudden death.

In a former play Shakespeare exhibited Mark Antony's fall by reason of effeminacy and sensualism. In this play impetuous and uncontrolled pride, egotism, and hatred cause the overthrow of its hero. Macbeth plotted against his guest, Coriolanus against his native country. His name rises in history as a warning against supreme egotism and intolerant passion. And whether he is a hero of fact or fiction, he will stand as a forcible illustration of the truth of the sacred word, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The play exhibits the anger of a man whose merits did not receive proper reward at the hands of his countrymen; their rejection of him awakens in his breast that bitter feeling of revenge which seeks the destruction of his own country.

The character does not live in Roman history alone. Benedict Arnold is a representation of that same character in our country's history. By meritorious service he deserved to be raised to the rank of major-general, but congress appointed five others, his inferiors, to that position, and neglected him. The slight that was put upon him originated in his mind that design, fed by avarice, of a betrayal of his country, which was afterward so carefully planned but so fortunately discovered.

The same spirit is sometimes developed when men

who have failed to receive what they think they deserve as a reward for service, desert their cause and party, go over to their opponents, and aid in the destruction of a party they formerly supported.

The character of this play stands as a warning against intolerant passion and vindictive pride. It made the possessor miserable while he lived and brought down upon him the reproaches of mankind.

In the consideration of the subject I have quoted extensively from the play, believing that the hearer, like the thirsty man, would prefer to quaff rich draughts directly from the Pierian Spring rather than listen to a glowing description of the merits of the beverage. There are some portions of the play more attractive than others, but, after all, the best commentary upon Shakespeare is Shakespeare himself.

We leave the play after its careful study, with a picture on the walls of memory of political and social life in ancient Rome during an interesting period of her history. The chief characters of this, as of many another play, will in our memories —

> "Come and go
> More real, shadows though they be,
> Than many a man we know."

HAMLET

The visitor to Shakespeare's birthplace finds many objects of interest to remind him of the high regard and fond memory in which the great poet is held.

The whole of Stratford-on-Avon is a continual reminder of Shakespeare. The stranger on entering the place notes a sign pointing the way to Shakespeare's house; the local bank is adorned with a cast of Shakespeare above its entrance; small boys meet the incoming visitors upon the streets repeating snatches from Shakespeare's plays; the village church and chancel mark his last resting-place, near the banks of the placid river of which Garrick has written: —

> "Thou soft-flowing Avon, — by thy silver stream
> Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream.
> The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
> For hallowed the turf is, which pillowed his head."

The memorial theatre, a short distance away, is for a time during each year opened for the performance of the different plays by actors of note. Here we find also a beautiful monument designed by Sir Ronald Gower, surmounted by a group of bronze figures representing prominent characters in the plays: Macbeth representing Tragedy; Falstaff, Comedy; Henry IV, History; Hamlet, Philosophy.

Of Macbeth we read the inscription: —

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more."

Of Falstaff: "I am not only witty by myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Of Prince Hal: —

"Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him."

Of Hamlet: —

"Good-night, Sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

It is of the last character that we write especially at this time, and of all the plays of Shakespeare "Hamlet" seems to be the one which best reveals his talent. Tennyson has said: "'Hamlet' is the greatest creation in literature that I know of." Although it was written nearly three centuries ago, its popularity has not decreased and it still is a favorite of the play-goer and of the scholar.

Like all of Shakespeare's plays it is in part modeled upon the story found in some former history or play. By some it is thought to have been partly founded upon a work by Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian, written as early as 1204, but not printed until 1514.

The date of the play in its present form is ascribed to the year 1602. The plays of "Henry VI," "Richard II," "Richard III," "King John," "Henry IV," "Henry V," and "Julius Cæsar," all historical plays, had been previously written. Previous research and study had made Shakespeare fully acquainted with

past history and with the kings, rulers, and people of different nations.

English history presented a strong parallel to the present play in the intrigue and sudden death, followed by the hasty marriage, of prominent persons who lived a few years before the date of the play; and it has been suggested that Shakespeare designed this tragedy as an indirect censure on Mary Queen of Scots.

Darnley, the husband of Mary Stuart, was murdered on February 9, 1567. The Earl of Bothwell was commonly reported to be the murderer, and strong suspicions existed that Queen Mary was in complicity with him in planning Darnley's death.

The Earl of Bothwell obtained a hasty divorce from his wife on May 6 of the same year, and twelve days after, he married Mary Stuart.

The sudden death of Darnley followed by a marriage so hastily solemnized with his reputed murderer might well attract the keen mind of Shakespeare to present this tragedy of wickedness in high places as a representation of past history in England as well as in Denmark.

Hamlet is represented as thirty years of age, a native of Denmark; a young man of noble mind,—

> "The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

He attended school at Elsinore and was called home on account of his bereavement. It was reported

that the sting of a serpent had caused his father's death as he lay sleeping in the arbor.

The play opens with the appearance of the Ghost, and Hamlet is horrified to learn from this solemn messenger that his father has been murdered by his own brother.

The revelation made by the Ghost startled Hamlet, and his last words of parting, —

"Adieu, Adieu! Hamlet, remember me,"

were never forgotten. He at once called upon his companions Horatio and Marcellus to swear by his sword —

"Never to speak of this that you have seen," —

and —

"How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, —
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on;" —

never to give out —

"That you know aught of me

. . . . . .

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! " —

The above oath was faithfully kept by Hamlet's companions, and the words of Hamlet explain the purpose which he so successfully carried out in feigning a madness which did not exist, and which Horatio, his dearest friend, did not explain until after Hamlet's death.

A hard task was placed upon Hamlet — a com-

mand to punish the murderer, to reprove his mother, but to do himself no wrong. Like Vincentio the Duke in "Measure for Measure," his position was one of difficulty.

> "He who the sword of heaven will bear
> Should be as holy as severe."

In the execution of the solemn commission given to Hamlet by his father's spirit he was slow to act, and given to long delay — his resolution was —

> "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought";

and though always wrapped in deep meditation, his resolutions and plans were carried into effect only after long hesitation.

To understand his case we must carefully study the conditions under which he was placed. The murder of his father was unseen by any person. The revelation was made to Hamlet by the ghost of his father. What was Hamlet to do? Suppose he should immediately kill the King, what answer could be made to the world for his act? Would it be a sufficient answer that a ghost had informed him of the murder and revealed the murderer? Was the tale a true one? was the ghost an honest one? To satisfy himself and to satisfy others, he must carefully investigate the case and learn by an examination of facts the truth of the story. He must act the part of a detective and attempt to unmask the villain, and if possible wring a confession from him.

He cannot bring the suspected person suddenly into the presence of his victim and watch his appearance and conduct as he is confronted by the dead king. He can, however, confront him with a scene in which the past tragedy will be portrayed and the identical crime reënacted before the whole court, and thus an opportunity be given to watch its effect upon the suspected man.

His plan is matured, and he exclaims with satisfaction: —

> "The play's the thing
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

The play was a great success in establishing a firm conviction in the minds of Hamlet and Horatio of the king's guilt as he was closely watched by them. Immediately afterward the king became Hamlet's secret enemy and plotted his destruction.

In his address to the players before they appeared, we find Shakespeare's estimate of what the good actor should always have in mind: that "the purpose of playing . . . was and is to hold as 't were the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

Among the many characters presented in this play

there was but one who secured Hamlet's closest confidence — the court attendants he despised as flatterers and sycophants, persons who —

> " . . . crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning."

Of Horatio he says: —

> "Thou art e'en as just a man,
> As e'er my conversation coped withal."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice
> And could of men distinguish, her election
> Hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
> As I do thee."

I have turned aside from the story of the play to speak of the close friendship between Hamlet and Horatio. They agreed as to the King's guilt, and Hamlet was tempted to kill him when at one time he was seen at prayer; but the thought that it will not be revenge to send him into heaven seems repellant to the Christian spirit of this age. We must not forget, however, that that spirit of revenge was in accord with the times. It was the spirit shown by Claudius himself, who vowed revenge upon Hamlet and sought his death.

Dr. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, once wrote that in the plays of Shakespeare the "sovereign truths of the Gospel," those "eternal verities of God's revelation," are scarcely ever out of sight, and that "Shakespeare's mind was saturated with the Bible." With what tremendous power does he warn against bargaining with God in favor of sinful reservation! Listen to the exclamations of the King as a troubled conscience added its tormenting accusations of his offence which had "the primal eldest curse upon it," and led him to pray: —

"'Forgive me my foul murder'?
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 't is not so above.
There, is no shuffling; — there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can? What can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!"

. . . . . .

'My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

An interview between the Queen and Hamlet follows this scene; during the interview Polonius is hidden behind the arras, and is killed by Hamlet, who

mistook him for the King. Hamlet called him a "foolish prating knave." He was Lord Chamberlain, noted for his diplomacy, and he has left many terse sentences of practical wisdom, of which perhaps the one most often quoted is: —

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

He was a man who sought "by indirections to find directions out"; a writer suggests that his diplomacy has developed such sense of security that, "if a virtuous adjective would be allowed to qualify a vicious noun his might be called elegant hypocrisy," for his principle is in this dictum, —

"Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth."

Both Polonius and Laertes had cautioned Ophelia to distrust Hamlet, — telling her to lock herself from his resorts, admit no messenger, receive no tokens. She was obedient to her father and brother, and Hamlet found that she was acting as a spy in the interests of the court; and when he had killed her father all chance was cut off of a future marriage. That she had loved Hamlet with sincerity is shown in one of her conversations with him — when she tells him she had remembrances of his which she had "longed long to redeliver"; that they were given her with —

"words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich. . . .
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

All of her troubles of mind and heart plunge her into a frenzy of excited passion and a total destruction of her reasoning powers. She utters aimless broken speeches — quick transitions from gayety to sadness — a picture which excites our heartfelt sympathy.

> "Thought and affection, passion, hell itself
> She turns to favour and to prettiness."

That Hamlet loved Ophelia is his solemn attestation at her grave, when he met her brother Laertes in bitter contest and exclaimed: —

> "I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum."

The entry of the clowns in the churchyard scene breaks the intense strain produced upon the mind by the previous solemnity of the play; and the discussion of the clowns as to whether Ophelia was to be buried in Christian burial depending upon whether or not she drowned herself intentionally, Shakespeare evidently introduced as a satire upon a decision of the English law courts in the celebrated case of Hales *vs.* Petit, tried during the reign of Philip and Mary, the facts of which are as follows: —

Sir James Hales, a judge of the Common Pleas Court, having been imprisoned for being concerned in the plot to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne, and afterwards pardoned, was so affected in mind as to commit suicide by drowning himself in a river.

The coroner's inquest found a verdict of felo-de-se, under which his body was to be buried at a cross-roads with a stake thrust through it, and his estates were forfeited to the Crown. A knotty question arose upon the suit of his widow for an estate by survivorship in joint tenancy, as to whether the forfeiture could be considered as having taken place in the lifetime of Sir James Hales; for if it did not, she took the estate by survivorship. Sergeant Southcote argued for the lady that as long as Sir James was alive, he had not killed himself, and the moment that he died the estate vested in the widow. Sergeant Walsh, on the other side, argued that the forfeiture had relation to the act done in the party's lifetime, which was the cause of his death. "Upon this," he said, "the parts of the act are to be considered; and the act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do."

Chief Justice Dyer gave the opinion of the court, the conclusion of which I quote verbatim: "The felony is attributed to the act which is always done by a living man and in his lifetime; for Sir James Hales was dead and how came he to his death? By drowning.

And who drowned him? Sir James Hales. And when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive, when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way than by divesting out of him his title and property from the time of the act done which was the cause of his death, viz. the throwing himself into the water."

Much subtlety was expended in this case in trying to find out whether Sir James went to the water or the water came to him. With this case in mind the discussion of the clowns in the churchyard will prove of greater interest: —

1 *Clown.* — Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* — I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* — How can that be unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* — Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clown.* — It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* — Nay, but hear you, goodman delver, —

1 *Clown.* — Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, — mark you that? But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* — But is this law?

1 *Clown.* — Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Hamlet was called upon to fulfill a solemn mission in avenging his father's death. How and when and where, he did not know. Horatio appeared to be the only friend upon whom he could rely.

With the difficulties that surrounded Hamlet we do not wonder that he was in despair. He contemplates death and its consequences as he thinks of suicide and exclaims, —

> "To be or not to be: that is the question.
> Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And by opposing end them."

He suspects his former schoolmates are sent by the King to interview him and to learn his plans. He tells Guildenstern: —

"You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, ex-

cellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me." He calls Rosencrantz a sponge "that soaks up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities."

Polonius imagines that he is talking with a madman as he talks with Hamlet, and follows the method of treating crazy people by assenting to all that Hamlet says. When Hamlet says, "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?" Polonius answers, "It's like a camel, indeed."

Hamlet. — Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius. — It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. — Or like a whale?

Polonius. — Very like a whale.

Osric, whom Hamlet calls a water fly, in the same way calls the weather cold and then hot just as Hamlet fancies it to be.

He tells his mother: —

> "It is not madness
> That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word, which madness
> Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass but my madness speaks."

When the King asks, "Where is Polonius?" Hamlet replies, "In heaven; send thither to see. If your mes-

senger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself."

The King fears him and has determined to send him to England, and sends with him Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with a sealed message. Fate enables Hamlet to discover the message to be for his own death, and this he changes by substituting the names of the messengers for his own in another message under the King's seal, which he by chance carried with him. It was not until the King's attempt to poison him in the contest with Laertes, which resulted in poisoning the Queen, that Hamlet found the long-looked-for chance of killing the King for a crime that had now been made fully apparent to all the world.

Hamlet exclaims as his own death draws near: —

> "Horatio, I am dead;
> Thou liv'st. Report me and my cause aright
> To the unsatisfied."

He snatched the cup of poison from Horatio's hand when he was ready to drink it, exclaiming: —

> "O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
> Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
> If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity a while,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story."

These words do not sound like the words of madness, and Horatio's lips are now unsealed from the promise of silence placed upon them by Hamlet, — and he reports Hamlet's side: —

"Let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters:
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver."

Professor Richard G. Moulton, the author of the "Moral System of Shakespeare," and a thoughtful critic of this play, expresses astonishment at the assumption that Hamlet was insane. "As a first element we have the assumed madness of Hamlet himself — Hamlet was not mad. At the beginning of the story, even before the excitement of the ghost scene, the hero appears as a man of bitter irony veiling a tone of feeling with an opposite tone of expression. As Horatio says: —

My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral,

Hamlet replies: —

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student.
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Horatio. — Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
Hamlet. — Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

"In studying this play, we must always remember that it was written for the entertainment of spectators in a theatre. The introduction of the ghost of Hamlet's father does not necessarily imply that Shakespeare was a believer in their existence in the natural world. It would not impress spectators with

the same effect, to hear an actor state that his conscience had just received a spiritual communication from the other world, as to see a representation of the spiritual messenger upon the stage in bodily form."

I am indebted to Professor Moulton for his suggestions that "supernatural manifestations cannot deflect men from a course of action; they can but give them a touch of impetus. The popular feeling is that communications from the unseen world, if such things can be, must be most powerful motives in human action. Powerful such supernatural interference would be in disturbing the imagination; but it is the regular order of natural influences which alone can govern action." Shakespeare's treatment of the supernatural is but a comment on the text: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

"Supernatural agency has a place in the world of Shakespeare. Among the forces of life it has no power except to accentuate what already exists; but it has great power to illuminate life for those who are life's spectators, to express a principle of drama in language of the theatre. On the stage of human life man is the only actor; to supernatural agency it is given to manœuvre the footlights."

A comparison has been made between the tragedies of Shakespeare and those of Æschylus. One of the greatest tragedies written by Greek authors was "Prometheus Bound," in which Æschylus created one

of the sublimest pictures ever painted of resistance to oppression and unselfish devotion to humanity. By suffering, men shall learn: this is the dominant ethical idea of Æschylus. Prometheus suffered, but the forces which caused him physical pain were forces from without. Hamlet suffered intensely, but from a source within. Hamlet was undoubtedly Shakespeare's favorite character; no one ever knew a Hamlet, but his ideal is studied because of its intense revelation of individual human life, which surpasses all other characters.

The long procession of care-encumbered men who have crossed bridges of doubt, despondency, and despair, —

> "Who have borne the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of th' unworthy takes," —

all these will find in Hamlet their own mental photograph brought out in living colors.

"Hamlet is the great type of the inner life preponderating over the life without. Above all things he is the man of introspection; his luminous subtlety in self-analysis has made this the classical poem of soul philosophy. . . . The tragedy of 'Hamlet' is that to the ideal man of the life within is intrusted a bold enterprise of the life without. . . . The whole play of 'Hamlet' is a rich blend of three elements: character,

accident, nemesis are here all interwoven. And the sense of overruling Providence to which such coöperation points has never been more aptly phrased than in the famous saying of Hamlet, —

> "'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.'"

MACBETH

Could Shakespeare have looked with prophetic glance into futurity and have seen what flowers would bloom and what fruit would be gathered from the seed he had sown in the sixteenth century, his mind would have been filled with wonder, pride, and exaltation. He would have seen the plays which he so hastily prepared for the temporary pleasure of the patrons of the Globe Theatre of London, winning alike the admiration of the crowded theatres of the world in succeeding centuries and the close attention of scholars and readers in academic halls and cultured homes among all nations. He wrote for all ages and for coming time. Like a great prophet he did not foresee the import and effect of his own utterances. For the materials of the play of "Macbeth," to which our attention is turned to-night, it is generally thought that Shakespeare turned to Holinshed's history. Macbeth's name also appears in Hume's History of England, where we learn that Duncan was king of Scotland in the middle of the eleventh century. He was a man of gentle disposition, but possessed not the genius for governing a country so turbulent and so much infested by the intrigues and animosities of the great. Macbeth was a powerful nobleman and nearly allied to the crown, but, not content with curbing the King's authority,

he carried still further his pestilent ambition and put his sovereign to death, chased Malcolm Kenmore, the King's son and heir, into England, and usurped the crown. Siward, whose daughter was married to Duncan, embraced by Edward's orders the protection of this distressed family, marched an army into Scotland, and having defeated and killed Macbeth in battle, restored Malcolm to the throne of his ancestors.

The supernatural machinery of the three witches accorded with King James's superstitious faith in demonology. The dramatist lavished his sympathy on Banquo, King James's ancestor, while Macbeth's vision of kings "who carry twofold balls and treble sceptres" plainly adverted to the union of Scotland with England and Ireland under King James's sway. The allusion by the porter to the equivocator who committed treason was perhaps suggested by the notorious defense of the doctrine of equivocation made by the Jesuit Henry Garnett, who was executed early in 1606 for his participation in the Gunpowder Plot.

This play has always been of interest to the legal profession, dealing as it does with the history of a crime from its inception to its conclusion, disclosing in its progress the motives of crime, the rewards and honors promised, the consummation reached, and the ruinous consequences which retributive justice meted out upon the offender.

The moralist also finds among the characters of this play an interesting study of the dire effects of sin

upon human life, its transforming effect when once satanic influences have entered in and taken possession of the heart and soul of man and dragged him down to perdition.

The psychologist, too, will take delight in studying the several characters, watching with other students of the great dramatist "the changing color of the waves that break across the idle sea-shore of the mind," when fiercely swept by blasts of ambition, passion, or remorse.

That Shakespeare believed in the existence of a close relation between the natural and spiritual worlds is shown in the introduction into different plays of a supernatural element, ever influencing and controlling minds with which they were brought in contact. "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are perhaps the two plays most read and most admired, and in each the supernatural element is introduced. In Hamlet, the play opens with the introduction of the Ghost returning from the other world to reveal to a dutiful son the secret murder of a devoted father and king; to urge him to avenge the murder and punish the criminal. The play of "Macbeth" begins with the introduction of those weird mysterious visitors from the spirit land whose incantations, with mysterious and prophetic greetings, exercise a mighty and controlling influence upon those who are brought under their enchanting sway. Whether Shakespeare believed in witches or not I do not know: it is certain that at the time this

play was written, in the early dawn of the seventeenth century, the belief in witches and their possession of supernatural power was quite general in Scotland. By their use Shakespeare found an important element to illustrate the characters of his drama, and we ought never to forget that its object is "to hold as 't were the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

If we divine the dramatist's intention aright, it was to enable the spectator to look with him into the seeds of time and see the gradual growth of the grain until its full maturity. Outside appearances are not a true test of character; the thoughts of a man cannot be seen; and to illustrate them by some symbol which will exhibit their power over the subject and display their inward nature, the weird sisters took their place in different scenes. They are Satan's minions, ministers of his that do his pleasure, sent out from his kingdom; of uncouth shape and mysterious origin, ugly to look upon, yet possessed of magnetic power, holding their subjects spellbound by their utterances. What better representation could be made to a spectator of the first uprisings in the mind of Macbeth of those sinful thoughts and imaginations which so mysteriously appeared, won his attention, swayed him with a despotic power, and urged him on to the commission of an enormous crime?

Macbeth had been a victorious leader in quelling a

rebellion against his sovereign; the rebellion is now transferred to his own soul. His conduct in the kingdom had won for him advancement and honor. He had saved the kingdom from destruction and the King himself from complete overthrowal. Why should he not succeed him and be king himself? It is at such a time that Ambition comes in, his inmost thoughts are voiced and echoed by those mysterious visitors who so suddenly greet Banquo and himself on their homeward journey with the words, —

"All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Glamis!"
"All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Cawdor!"
"All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!"

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The thoughts of Macbeth by these utterances were stirred to their lowest depths, with hopes of advancement to obtain the crown; new honors came successively upon him and the greatest was behind. His imagination was influenced; great possibilities lay in the future to which fate and metaphysical aid summoned him. His wife should know of it at once; as he was climbing up the rounds of the ladder to obtain the sovereignty desired, she should learn of his present success and of the prophetic greetings which foretold coming greatness. He writes at once to her that the weird sisters had saluted him with "Hail, King that shalt be!" "This," said Macbeth, ". . . I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being

ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart and farewell."

The message found an apt and ready sympathizer. In the soliloquy which follows I find a revelation of wickedness which disclosed Lady Macbeth's heart to be as black as, if not blacker than, that of Macbeth. What wife is there who knows not her husband's merits and demerits, his faults and favors, his virtues and his vices? Lady Macbeth, too, has studied and knows well her husband's character; she fears his nature.

"It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

She wishes his presence, to control him.

"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal."

To her aid she summons the powers of darkness.

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty."

Macbeth's imagination was intense, but he lacked resolution. Not so Lady Macbeth. She had been a

mother, but she would have dashed her suckling child to the ground to fulfill her wicked purpose; and says that had not the King resembled her father as he slept, she would have murdered Duncan herself. It was Lady Macbeth's ambition to share with her lord a kingly crown. His letter had aroused in her mind a rising storm of villainy, disclosing how wickedly and how cruelly she could act when the occasion called. The longed-for conference with her husband comes.

> "There's no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face"

of a studied pretender, and she chides her husband for his tell-tale face, tells him to —

> "Look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under it."

With most suppliant grace she welcomes King Duncan to her attractive castle; she is studiously attentive to the wants of all, and gives them a royal welcome. In her guest's absence she reinforces her husband's wavering resolutions and spurs him on to commit the horrible crime. Amid the silence of the night she prepares the drink to excite the senses of her husband and nerve him to action. When all is ready, she strikes the bell which sounds the muffled knell of Duncan, that summons him to heaven or to hell.

It has been the fortune of the writer to witness the portrayal of the scenes in "Macbeth" upon different occasions, but never with such artistic and careful detail as when presented at Abbey's Theatre in New

York City at the time of a former visit of Henry Irving. Promptly at eight o'clock the lights in orchestra, balcony, and family circle were extinguished, and as the curtain rose upon a dimly lighted stage, the shadowy and weird forms of the three witches, with moving wands and incantations dire, were seen upon the heath awaiting the coming of Macbeth and Banquo. The lights were kept out in the auditorium throughout the entire play and the scenes of the ill-fated night were pictured with wonderful skill by a master hand.

Circumstances have brought the King to Macbeth's castle. Macbeth's most intimate household friend and partner aids him by her counsels, and his excited imagination sees the instrument at hand ready for execution as a dagger hangs suspended before him in mid-air, which, though but a dagger of the mind, seems a living reality to him. The prophetic voices which had greeted him upon the heath still ring in his ears and urge him to immediate action. He had at first hesitated, but had now grown desperate and "the firstlings of his heart became the firstlings of his hand."

With slow and stealthy step he enters the King's bed-chamber and commits the murder. After the tragic deed is done, Macbeth rejoins his waiting wife with a terrified look. The guilty couple start at every noise; whispering and listening they stand awestricken in the hall of the castle. As Irving and Miss Terry

appeared upon the stage, fear held them spellbound. The footlights of the stage reflected from their eyes a strange, wild, and horrible glare, startling the spectator with their look of terror; their silence and their expression spoke volumes as they stood affrighted and looked out into the darkness from which a thousand spectators were silently watching every movement. It was indeed a triumph of dramatic art; a vivid spectacle and an impressive exemplification of the power which a guilty conscience exerts upon its possessors as guilty fears and fearful imaginings possess and terrify them. The silence of the night makes a strong contrast to the noisy din calling the sleeping tenants from their chambers. Lady Macbeth is ready with her expressions of surprise and horror at the deed. She would divert suspicion from Macbeth and herself, and when Macduff exclaims, "Our royal master 's murdered!" Lady Macbeth replies, "Woe, alas! What, in our house ?" At which unfortunate remark Banquo immediately suspects her and answers, "Too cruel anywhere."

The death of Duncan as the nation's head awakened quick sympathy in the hearts of his loyal subjects, as Macbeth feared it would when they recalled his noble virtues. The words uttered then have never been repeated since with a more appreciative tribute to a departed ruler, than when Governor Andrew in the Massachusetts Legislature applied them to our martyred President Lincoln.

"Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

The King was dead but not his sons: Macbeth finds but "a barren sceptre in his gripe," and victim after victim is put to death in his endeavor to seat himself securely upon the throne. He had stifled the voice of conscience, and he'd "jump the life to come," but still feared punishment here. The desperation of Saul in ancient story led him to seek the Witch of Endor for counsel and comfort; with like mind Macbeth hurried to the weird sisters as threatening defeat hung over him. He moves and acts like a melancholy man, unhappy, impelled by fate, and as Irving represents him at last, his sword is wielded with the action of a man who moves mechanically about, without hope, without ambition, his fond anticipations shattered and overthrown.

In studying Macbeth's character we find him swayed more by imagination than by judgment; he feared punishment more than the pangs of a guilty conscience. He was not as studied as his wife in outward conduct. Lady Macbeth continually chided him to avoid an appearance indicative of guilt. She

was merry at the feast, cordially welcomed the guests, and excused with all the grace possible the wild actions of her forgetful lord as he imagined he saw Banquo's ghost take the vacant seat at the table. What she so carefully concealed when awake she could not hide when asleep; and even when awake she found no comfort in her anticipated joy.

> "Nought 's had, all's spent,
> Where our desire is got without content;
> 'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
> Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

Slumber brought no quiet to her troubled breast. "More needed she the divine than the human physician." The night-walking scene revealed the ambitious woman still struggling with the guilty secret, which tormented its possessor. Seeing blood upon the little hand, a spot which would not out; black-hearted, conscience-stricken, worn out with watching, fears, and the tortures of a sin-burdened soul, she passed from life's troubled stage.

For Macbeth, minions of Satan held out false lights for him to follow. The great temptation described in Milton's "Paradise Lost" was reënacted in his career. To Adam, the Devil had said, "Thou shalt not surely die." To Macbeth, these false spirits cried out,

> "Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
> The power of man; for none of woman born
> Shall harm Macbeth.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him."

He believes himself to be a creature of Fate and Destiny, and in this respect becomes a victim of the darkest tragedy. "The bitterest tragic element in life," says Emerson, "to be derived from an intellectual source, is the belief in a brute fate or Destiny, the belief that the order of nature and events is controlled by a law not adapted to man, nor man to that, but which holds on its way to the end, serving him, if his wishes chance to lie in the same course, crushing him if his wishes lie contrary to it, and heedless whether it serves or crushes him. This is the terrible meaning that lies at the foundation of the old Greek tragedy and makes Œdipus and Antigone and Orestes objects of such hopeless commiseration. The same idea makes the paralyzing terror with which the East Indian mythology haunts the imagination; the same thought is the predestination of the Turk."

It is such an incentive as dominates Mohammedan followers in their ruthless slaughter of innocent Christians; death in battle being the way to Paradise in the Turk's creed. Powerful was the effect of the murder upon others but greater upon the murderers, Macbeth and his wife, themselves. After the commission of the murder, every noise appalls them, they live in a world of suspense and darkness. At this time is heard the knocking at the gate which Thomas De Quincey argues, in his essay on the subject, to be a studied effect of the great dramatist to expound action and measure it by its reaction. The knocking at the gate is the evi-

dence of life, of the existence of a living, bustling world to which we are called back again after we have been carried into a world of darkness, silence, and death.

At this point the drunken porter comes in, who with his companion had caroused until early morning: he holds an imaginary dialogue with several persons who are supposed to be seeking admission to the other world; welcoming the "farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty"; awaiting "an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven." The knocking at the gate is a change and contrast to offset the great strain brought upon the feelings of the spectator by the solemnity of the murder, and from a world of silence we are brought back to a world of activity and life.

The coming of Irving and his interpretation of the play have caused much discussion among Shakespearean students as to where the guilt most belonged for the murder of King Duncan. It has in the past been the theory of most scholars that Macbeth was incited to commit the deed by the instigation of the witches and the counsel of his wife. She has been characterized as a Jezebel, cruel, unrelenting, unkind, and savage, Macbeth being only a pliant tool in her hands ready to do her bidding. Irving, however, claims that Macbeth throughout the play moves as a hypocrite, that he was a murderer from the beginning, and that

he and not Lady Macbeth should receive the greatest censure. He cites Holinshed's history, from which the characters of the play are taken, to corroborate his theory. He also cites passages from the play itself; says that it is the generally received opinion that Macbeth was a good man who had gone wrong under the influence of a wicked and dominant wife, a tradition that has been in force for many years and was due mainly to the powerful rendering of the character of Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Siddons, whose strong personality lent itself to the view of an exceedingly powerful and dominant woman. In his opinion, however, Shakespeare has in his text given us in Macbeth one of the most bloody-minded hypocritical villains in all his long gallery of portraits of men filled with the vices of their kind. It cannot be denied that he became the kind of villain Irving has described, but I am led to believe he became so under the domineering and all-powerful influence of his wife, who breathed out the threatenings and poison which contaminated his mind and soul. Her first exclamation after reading Macbeth's letter describing his meeting with the witches was —

> "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
> What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
> It is too full of the milk of human kindness
> To catch the nearest way. . . .
> Hie thee hither
> That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
> And chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal."

She calls on spirits to unsex her and fill her with direst cruelty; calls on night to conceal her that her keen knife see not the wound it makes, nor Heaven see her deed of guilt. She tells Macbeth that his face betrays his purpose and gives him repeated instructions in the art of hypocrisy. She welcomes her royal guest with most lavish praise and flattery. Macbeth's soliloquies before the commission of the crime show hesitation and such fear of punishment as would prevent him from committing the crime. He tells his wife, —

"We will proceed no further in this business,"

but it is her valorous tongue that reassures him and urges him forward by methods of hypocrisy which she herself originates. A man may play the hypocrite when seen of men, but when communing with his own soul in solitude his thoughts are real, not pretended. So imagination and conscience speak loudly to Macbeth when alone and fear of punishment threatens and deters him; he recalls the duty to his guest and sovereign; the high regard in which he is held by his subjects, is almost ready to give up the plan when the stinging words of his wife turn him from his wavering course.

"Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to look so green and pale

> At what it did so freely? From this time
> Such I account thy love."

That the plan had been previously talked over before his letter to her, is shown in his wife's words, —

> "Nor time nor place
> Did then adhere, and yet you would make both."

She had said before this: —

> "You shall put
> This night's great business into my dispatch."

She tells her plan to put upon the drunken chamberlains the suspicion of the murder, to clear Macbeth and herself; her appeal to his love and the disclosure of her plan persuade the hesitating man. The same appeal to their manhood Macbeth makes to the murderers of Banquo; telling them it was Banquo who held them under.

> "Are you so gospell'd
> To pray for this good man and for his issue,
> Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave?"

Lady Macbeth has shown in the play a devotedness to her husband's plans which in a better cause would win our admiration. She too had an ambition to be with him, a partner in his greatness, but with her there were no soliloquies or heart utterances tending to dissuade her from the crime. She follows her own instructions to her husband,—

> "False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

We cannot leave this play without noticing the retributive justice that finally overtakes the criminal.

Rumors of the approach of the English forces fill his mind with terror; he soon learns that those "juggling fiends" are not to be believed —

> "That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

He finds his hopes blasted; his honors empty, his crown a curse. What a melancholy wail he utters as he nears the end of life: —

> "I have liv'd long enough. My way of life
> Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
> Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

By night and day he had no rest.

> "But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
> Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
> In the affliction of these terrible dreams
> That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
> Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
> Than on the torture of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstasy."

Macbeth had heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more, Macbeth doth murder sleep"; his night-walking Queen found her sleep disturbed, and in vain attempting to rub out the bloody spot from her little hand, showed her mind in an unquiet state. She too could not endure the pangs of remorse which tormented her by night and day, and finally sought to escape fur-

ther trouble by committing suicide. The Queen's death added another sorrow to the despondent King; to him, life became an empty show, —

> "a walking shadow; a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

These are the words of the fatalist as he nears the end of life, having found his hopes blasted and his life a blank.

Banquo had been accosted by the weird sisters as well as Macbeth, but he wisely repelled the wicked suggestions which they awakened in his mind. By an appeal to the higher powers he prays to be kept from them.

> "Merciful powers,
> Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
> Gives way to in repose."

As Banquo ascends the stairs in the castle on the evening of the fatal night, Macbeth talks of the greetings of the witches they both have seen, and suggests that if Banquo will cleave to his side, he shall have honor. Banquo replies: —

> "So I lose none
> In seeking to augment it, but still keep
> My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
> I shall be counsell'd."

Banquo mistrusted the voice he had heard at one time, and exclaimed, "What! can the devil speak true?" At another time he said: —

"Oftentimes, to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence."

Banquo's virtue stands in worthy contrast to the sinful ambition of Macbeth. We turn to another play to read of its dangerous character when used for selfish purposes alone.

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!" [1]

We may not meet the same uncouth visitors on our journey as those which stopped Macbeth and Banquo, but evil thoughts will often rise suddenly to meet us on our way; our imaginations may call up to our minds suggestions as impressive as if uttered by the weird sisters. This play teaches the importance of making a correct choice when different plans present themselves. We must choose, and upon the result of our choice depends the happiness or misery of our lives. Macbeth will always live in poetry as a powerful example of what remorse there is in a character, built on acts of crime or wickedness. It is a play of

[1] *King Henry VIII*, Act iii, Sc. 2.

action and it is filled with passages of tenderness as well as passion. The spectator or reader of the play will never forget the terrible contest waged by conscience against sin, and the terrible consequences which result from wrong decisions.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

OTHELLO

We were favored a short time ago with an interesting and instructive essay upon "Richard III." In the discussion following the reading we were interested in the comparison made of the interest taken by the Germans in Shakespeare's plays with that shown by the American public, before whom but few of these plays are presented. In support of the opinions expressed I find that during the year 1897 the performance of twenty-four plays reached a total of nine hundred and thirty, an average of nearly three Shakespearean representations a day in the German-speaking districts of Europe. Does not this illustrate, in one branch of study at least, the truth of expressed opinion that the German intellect is superior to the American in study and habits of thought, and are they not the gainers in giving attention to those plays which the wisest have pronounced as most deserving of study?

The play most popular with the Germans is "Othello," if we may judge by the number of times it was acted as compared with others; for it headed the list in the years 1896 and 1897 in Germany, having been acted one hundred and thirty-five times in 1896 and one hundred and twenty-one times in 1897, while "Hamlet" was acted ninety-one times, "Romeo

and Juliet" one hundred and eighteen, "King Lear" thirty-four, "Macbeth" twelve, and "Richard III" twenty-six times.

"Othello" is one of the plays found among the latest of Shakespeare's masterpieces. Age and experience had sharpened his intellect, widened his knowledge, and revealed to his master mind greater insight into the workings of the mind and heart of mankind. His earlier plays were those of comedy, while the later were of tragedy.

The greater part of Shakespeare's plays were not published until after his death. The reason of the delay in such publication is found in the manner and purpose of their origin. Shakespeare was employed by the managers of the London theatres to make over old plays, to revive scenes and incidents of former days in reproductions and enlargements, giving to the different characters a life and attractiveness surpassing former productions. Had these plays been immediately published, the managers of the theatre feared that the knowledge gained by readers of the play would greatly lessen the interest in witnessing the productions as they were given in the theatre. This is true of "Othello," it having been written by Shakespeare in 1604 and published in 1623. It was doubtless the first new piece that was acted before King James, and it was presented at Whitehall, November 1, 1604.

The plot comes from an Italian collection of novels,

Giraldi Cinthio's "Hecatommithi," which was first published in 1565 (the year after Shakespeare's birth). Cinthio's story of Othello is not known to have been translated into English before Shakespeare dramatized it, and this is one of the evidences showing Shakespeare's acquaintance with other languages besides his own.

The play was written six years before he died, when Shakespeare was about forty years of age and in the maturity of his powers. The chief characters are Othello, Iago, and Desdemona, and in their history the dramatist has portrayed the working of the noblest and basest passions of human life. The drama treats of the dealings of a most notorious villain with noble, honest, and unsuspecting people. It has made the name of Iago a type of the basest of the human species, by malignity and baseness plotting to break up the happiness of established domestic bliss and the most sacred foundations of human society, separating by his machinations hearts bound together by the most solemn vows of wedlock and united by the strongest bonds of love and affection: wickedly sundering the tie by introducing unfounded suspicions and jealousies which were the inventions of an unscrupulous and devilish intellect. Iago was a young man of twenty-eight years, while Othello, judging from his long experience in camp and field, was a man between forty and fifty years old. He says of himself that he was in the "vale of years," an ex-

pression which Shakespeare hardly would have used of one younger than fifty. Iago, too, contrasts the youth of Desdemona with the age of Othello, and tells Roderigo that Desdemona will tire of him who, for her, lacks sympathy of years.

Desdemona was found in an Italian home, where early marriages were common, Juliet being but fourteen at the time of her marriage with Romeo. Brabantio, the father of Desdemona, speaks of her "delicate youth," and says she was one who "shunned the wealthy curled darlings of our nation"; and he little thought the rehearsal of the dangers and sufferings of an old soldier would awaken any chords of love in the heart of his young daughter, ending in an elopement and by grief shortening the father's life.

It is an interesting study to trace the many causes and influences set at work in this pathetic story of love and estrangement. The first evil influence seen at work is envy; this we learn from the first conversation of Iago with Roderigo. Othello had appointed Cassio as his lieutenant, instead of Iago, who had applied for the place. Cassio was one, Iago says, —

> "That never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knows
> More than a spinster,"

while Iago, —

> "of whom his eyes had seen the proof
> At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other ground,
> Christen'd and heathen,"

must be set aside.

We find, then, envy first at work in Iago, and its nature is well described by Bacon when he says that "a man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain another's virtue will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune. It is also the vilest affection and the most depraved, for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called the envious man that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night, as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtilely and in the dark and to the prejudice of good things such as is the wheat."

The displacement of Cassio, we find, then, is the first motive influencing Iago, and to attain this end he follows Othello as his ancient in an inferior position of service, and in following him he says that he follows but himself, —

> "not I for love and duty,
> But seeming so, for my peculiar end.
> . . . I am not what I am."

To carry out his plans he uses that dupe Roderigo, who has plenty of money but few brains, and who becomes as clay in the hands of the potter under Iago's influence, bombastic talk, and pretences. Iago says of him: —

> "For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
> If I would time expend with such a snipe,
> But for my sport and profit."

The elopement of Othello with Brabantio's daughter causes the father to make complaint to the Senate when convened, before which Othello makes such an eloquent plea that the Duke exclaims: —

"I think this tale would win my daughter too."

The Duke gives some sound advice to the angry father as a step to help these lovers into his favor.

"When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief."

Iago, while pretending to act for Roderigo in attempting to effect an estrangement between Desdemona and Othello, and to secure Desdemona's love for Roderigo, discloses his vile purpose in the soliloquy at the end of the first act, when he says that he hates the Moor, and that it is thought abroad that in his (Iago's) home he has done him wrong: —

"I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
. . . . . .
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are."

It was a divine injunction to the disciples, when sent into the world by the Master as sheep among wolves, to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. A knowledge of evil is necessary for the protection of virtue, for, as Bacon says, "It is not possible to join serpentine wisdom with the columbine innocence except we know all the conditions of the serpent, his baseness, his envy and sting, for without such knowledge, virtue lieth open and unfenced." To displace Cassio, Iago watches the opportunity to cause him to be found in a midnight quarrel, brought on by an excessive drunken carousal, which in its origin and consequences, makes the narration a most powerful temperance sermon. The good-natured Cassio knew that he ought not to partake, but the claims of good-fellowship, and lack of courtesy to refuse, overcame his scruples. It is the same scene repeated to-day, although the names of the actors are different. Iago, devil-like, knows Cassio's weakness and so approaches him: —

Iago. Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of Black Othello.

Cassio. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cassio. I have drunk but one cup to-night and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels. The gallants desire it.

Cassio. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cassio. I'll do't; but it dislikes me.

Hear upon this the tempter's soliloquy: —

> "If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
> With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
> He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
> As my young mistress' dog.
> . . . . . .
> If consequence do but approve my dream,
> My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream."

Cassio's loud wail over a lost reputation will always be known as a voice of warning: —

"O thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! . . . I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly; a quarrel but nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"

Othello hears attentively Iago's specious plea for Cassio, and replies: —

"I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio."

But turning to Cassio, he says: —

'Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine."

The first part of Iago's plot has been accomplished, and Cassio is displaced as Othello's lieutenant. Next, Iago uses Cassio, in his interviews with Desdemona for his reinstatement, to awaken those terrible suspicions and imaginations and jealousies which caused Othello to condemn Desdemona to her sad death, and the method of it is advised by Iago.

Othello says, "I'll not expostulate with her lest her beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago."

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed. . . .

Othello. Good, good; the justice of it pleases. Very good!

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

Later Iago sets Roderigo on to make attack upon Cassio, saying to himself: —

"Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in such peril.
No, he must die."

The conflict takes place between Roderigo and Cassio, whose loud cries of murder remind Othello of Iago's previous promise, and he exclaims: —

"'T is he! — O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And you unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those chains, thine eyes, are blotted."

There was but one living soul who could reveal Iago's villainy, and that was Iago's wife. He had counted on keeping her quiet, but caustic and severe were her upbraidings of Othello.

"O murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool
Do with so good a wife? . . .
Moor, she was chaste. She loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die!"

What agony is shown in the latest utterances of Othello as the truth breaks in upon his shattered mind!

"Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! dead, Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh!"

As he looks upon Iago, the cause of all his troubles, he exclaims: —

"I look down towards his feet. [No cloven feet were seen.] But that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."

To Cassio he says, of Iago: —

"Demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body."

Iago's reply was this: —

"Demand me nothing; what you know, you know.
From this time forth I never will speak word."

Lodovico consigns him to deserved punishment: —

"For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his."

The Nemesis which the Greeks portrayed as always coming to avenge wrong and injuries done, and to restore rights to the true owner, comes in at the close of the play, and Cassio, the one against whom Iago's schemes were first set in motion, becomes Governor of Cyprus.

This play, like others of Shakespeare, is marked by the contrasts it sets forth in the different characters presented. What high and what low conceptions of

love and marriage are here set forth! on this difference, we quote the words of another: [1] —

"In our lives virtue and vice are blended. All our desires and affections are legitimate in proper use and licentious only in their abuse. Janus-faced Love is intimately allied with both sides of man's nature. When awakened by moral beauty its nature is pure, but when excited by physical and personal beauty alone, then it is sensual and selfish."

This contrast is presented in this play with a strength that repels some readers. Iago's intellectual dexterity and Desdemona's moral goodness are all but perfect in their respective kinds, however much Iago may lack morality and Desdemona worldly knowledge.

Let us notice the different views expressed by these characters, which show the high or low nature of their minds. Iago sneers at the suggestion that Desdemona's love is anything else but low and sensual. He says that she will soon tire of following the Black Moor and that Roderigo will surely win her if he but puts money in his purse, which Iago professes he will use to good advantage.

Othello places duty to the state above his dearest heart's love, and when Desdemona begs to accompany him upon his voyage to repel the Turks, he requests the lords to grant her request but for her satisfaction and —

[1] Henry J. Ruggles in *From the Plays of Shakespeare.*

"to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness
My speculative and active instruments
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!"

Desdemona's love for Othello was so contrary to nature, that her father accuses him of having exercised witchcraft in securing her affection. He could not believe it possible for her —

"in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on."

The period was one when tales of adventure were greatly appreciated and found ready listeners, and the cavalier who won his lady's heart, gained it often by her admiration for his exploits as an adventurer and soldier. Othello's rehearsal of his adventures interested the daughter as well as the father, and he became to her a hero, actuated by noble motives of mind and heart. As she explains her love, "She saw Othello's visage in his mind." In this character Shakespeare has portrayed, it seems to me, an idea embodying the highest and noblest type of love, modesty, and devotion. He has written in one of his sonnets, —

"Love is not love
That alters when it alteration finds,"

and Desdemona fulfills that description: —

> "A maiden never bold;
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blush'd at herself."

With a mind always conscious of right herself, she thought no evil of others, and had such delicacy of mind that she would not repeat the word which charged her with unfaithfulness.

Desdemona. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, sweet lady?
Desdemona. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Her love was so magnanimous that nothing that Othello did could take away her fondness for him. Emilia said to her: "Would you had never seen him!" Whereupon Desdemona replied: —

> "So would not I. My love doth so approve him,
> That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns
> . . . have grace and favour in them."

Desdemona possesses that charity which is the bond of perfection. She is ready to sacrifice truth upon the altar of love and affection to save Othello from censure and punishment.

Emilia. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Desdemona. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord. Oh, farewell!

Such unchanging love, expressed by one so deeply wronged, causes a writer to remark that "it is as near an approach to perfection as poor human frailty can make and reveals a love that can only be prompted

by the antithesis of a lie prompted by divine truth." And the quality of the act has been compared to the state of mind of St. Paul spoken of by Bacon in his essay on Goodness, when St. Paul wished to be an anathema from Christ, for the salvation of his brethren. Her intercessions for the reinstatement of Cassio to his former place are most sincere and earnest. She tells Cassio, —

> "What I can do I will; and more I will
> Than for myself I dare."

In making such a promise she committed one of those errors of goodness of which Bacon writes, saying, "Beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern. For divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern, the love of our neighbor the portraiture." Desdemona breaks the pattern, for she unwittingly ruins herself in her excess of zeal for Cassio.

In contrast to Desdemona's goodness, we find Iago one of the most hypocritical and fiendish villains ever seen. There are many small Iagos in existence, many having some, while not all, the repulsive qualities seen in this character. We do not see in life the internal workings of the hidden mind, but here the dramatist permits us, in the soliloquies and outspoken thoughts of Iago, to see the baseness of his heart and the fiendish glee he exhibits as he sets in motion his debasing plans; cautions Othello against jealousy, —

"Beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on";

and yet had previously threatened to put the Moor —

"At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure";

then uses means and measures to set his jealousy in motion; plies Desdemona to appeal to Othello for Cassio's reinstatement, and at the same time ruins the latter's credit with the Moor, saying: —

"When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do at first suggest with heavenly shows,
As I do now."

He tells Othello to "scan the thing no further," and later says of him, —

"Not poppy, nor mandrogora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday."

He uses the lost handkerchief of Desdemona, which he snatches from his wife, as one of the great pieces of circumstantial evidence, to poison Othello's mind; and when the Moor demands more evidence, deliberately proceeds to rehearse fictitious talk of Cassio with Desdemona which he claimed to have heard in a dream which never occurred, and which existed only in his own inventive and falsified imagination. All men and women whom he met he used to work out his purposes, ever assuming virtues which he did not

possess, to carry out his plans. From Roderigo, by his bombast and bold assurance and repeated words promising success, receiving money for his own use; counseling Othello with sage and sound advice; sympathizing with Desdemona's grief, and promising to win back her lord; chiding his wife and treating her only as a slave; her silence, he says, is hypocritical; "She chides with thinking." In brief, he becomes throughout his whole career "all things to all men," not to save but to destroy; he appears as a personification of the greatest deviltry seen in human form, in wickedness and intrigue closely allied to Milton's Satan. In contrast to him were the young and innocent Desdemona, the unsuspecting and inexperienced Othello, whose "dearest action" was "in the tented field," "and little of this great world" could he speak, "more than portains to feats of broil and battle." The much-wronged Cassio, who was displaced at first, was in the end restored to rightful power as he became the ruler of the isle; while the avenging Nemesis seized the hellish villain at last and consigned him to such "cunning cruelty" as might "torment him much and hold him long."

Coleridge calls Iago "a motiveless malignity," and speaks of him as "all will in intellect"; and as we read and study the play we stop to ask ourselves the question: What was Iago's motive for such baseness and ruin, of which he was the cause? His pretended motives are: first, Cassio's appointment as

lieutenant instead of himself; second, he intimates that he is suspicious of improper relations between both Cassio and Othello and his wife Emilia; but all the alleged causes which he trumps up are, when sifted, found to be foolish and baseless.

He is unscrupulous in his actions, and because he is bound by no powers of conscience and right he thinks honest men are fools. But we find it illustrated again and again in life and in dramatic story that, although a man may have the keenest of intellects, yet if his "mind is a non-conductor of spiritual elements," and given wholly to thoughts and acts of evil alone, it will be found that such evil influences will undermine and sap the judgment as well as the heart. This is one of the profoundest lessons taught by Shakespeare in his characters of evil as portrayed in the drama. Iago fitly illustrates such a character, as described by "Junius," who aptly remarks that "virtue and simplicity have so long been synonymous that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit and every villain fancies himself a man of ability."

Shakespeare has given us the character of a notable villain in "Richard III," and in that play we find that the voice of conscience is heard, with its terrible denunciation, when disaster came upon the King; when his physical powers were weakened, and when sleep came over him and conquered his human will. There is no such demonstration in the case of Iago,

who seems to be the baser villain of the two; yet we find traces of the working of conscience even in him. We find him claiming that, in giving his warning to Othello against jealousy, he is acting as a conscientious adviser; and also when he counsels Cassio to interview Desdemona and request her to petition Othello to return him to his former office.

> "And what's he then that says I play the villain?
> When this advice is free I give and honest,
> Probal to thinking and indeed the course
> To win the Moor again?"

I think that perhaps there is no greater exhibition of Iago's mental shrewdness and deceptive action than in the conversation which takes place between him and Othello in the third scene of the third act, when Othello closely questions him as to his thoughts about Cassio and Desdemona, and when with such apparent wisdom and sincerity does he answer Othello that the latter says of him: —

> "This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
> And knows all qualities, with a learn'd spirit
> Of human dealings."

In the Italian novel from which many of the characters in this play were taken, Desdemona is represented as saying, "I fear that I must serve as a warning to young maidens not to marry against the will of their parents; an Italian girl should not marry a man whom nature, heaven, and mode of life have wholly separated from her."

Shakespeare doubtless had this example in mind as he wrote this play. The wide difference existing in race, family, age, and mode of life between Othello and Desdemona doubtless greatly increased and promoted growing jealousy and discord, and hastened the separation of hearts united by the sentiment of love alone.

Another lesson the poet would have us learn from the play is to beware of calumny, of which Iago himself speaks.

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

A charitable spirit looks upon people as honest and true until they are proved to be dishonest and false, and does not assume them to be guilty until they are proved so. Charity will weigh carefully characters as well as circumstances, will not give hasty credence to the suspicious critic while recalling the story of the lost handkerchief and thinking of the sorrows which surround the characters found in this play.

"More real, shadows though they be,
Than many a man we know."

I cannot better close this essay than by using the words of Othello in his dying speech, which reflect his inmost soul and are an epitome of his life and character.

"Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe."

KING LEAR

"SHAKESPEARE'S mind was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of thought; an ocean toward which all rivers ran, and from which the isles and continents of thought now receive their dews and rains." So says an American orator, while Ruskin's enthusiasm prompts the remark when making a comparison between Homer and Shakespeare: "Of the scope of Shakespeare I will say only, that the intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him according to the degree which he has been taught by Shakespeare." These statements well illustrate the highly estimated and world-wide influence which the writings of this author everywhere exert upon the mind of man. As we turn to his plays, we esteem it a high privilege to review the works of such a master mind, whose insight penetrated the thoughts of all classes of mankind.

The play of "King Lear" was written by Shakespeare between 1603 and 1606. The story did not originate with him, however. It was previously told by Spenser in his "Faërie Queene." It was translated into Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh monk of the twelfth century. The history was afterwards written by Holinshed, an English historian, in 1574,

who represented Lear as a ruler in the fabulous age of the Britains living some nine hundred years before the Christian era. This carries us back in history to the time when Ahab ruled in Samaria and the cruel Jezebel plotted the death of Naboth.

War and bloodshed were common. Oppression ruled with an austere hand. Might made right. It was evidently Shakespeare's purpose to picture in this drama the life of man in a rude century when ruled by selfishness and passion unrestrained. As we think of this, we shall be more charitable in our judgment and not hastily condemn the characters as overdrawn and unnatural because unlike those of the age and times in which we live.

The play we are considering deals with an old man whose eccentric conduct, it is thought, is the result of insanity. Commencing with his unjust division of his kingdom, it increases with the harsh treatment bestowed upon him by his eldest daughters, until it reaches a most pitiable stage, exciting the deep sympathy of the spectator of the drama or the reader of the story. An old king some fourscore years of age, autocratic and self-willed, after a long reign fancies that his life will be happier if he can "unburdened crawl towards death," and thinks to shake off the cares of state by dividing the kingdom among his three daughters, holding a semblance of power in some attendant knights reserved for this purpose.

Fond of flattery, he obtains from his eldest daugh-

ters, Goneril and Regan, the praises which he sought. Listen to the words of Goneril: —

"Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter:
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found,
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable:
Beyond all manner of so much I love you."

Regan echoes the sentiment expressed by her sister Goneril, "only she comes too short," Regan professing herself "an enemy to all other joys which the most precious square of sense professes," and finding herself "alone felicitate in [her father's] dear Highness' love."

The fawning and flattering daughters succeeded in their purpose. The King divides his kingdom between the two eldest, leaving his youngest daughter nothing. Some two weeks pass away and we hear Goneril giving these directions to her steward: —

"Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said. . . .
And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter. Advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,

That I may speak. I 'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course."

Regret swiftly follows the King's hasty and unwise decision.

"Woe that too late repents! . . .
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!"

The two cold-hearted daughters debate together as to the need of their father's keeping a train of followers, demanding its reduction and exasperating the old king, who, when Regan exclaims, "What need one?" retorts: —

"Oh, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need, —
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!"

His daughters coldly and unfeelingly allow him, with his attendants, Gloucester, Kent, and the Fool, to go out into the drenching storm. The elements seem to him to have conspired against him, and he charges them in the midst of the wild and raging tempest as having joined with two pernicious daughters their "high engendered battles 'gainst a head so old and white as this," and cries: "I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

For the purpose of explaining a play and also to reflect the thoughts of the spectators the Chorus was introduced in the Greek Tragedy. The comments made by the united voices of the chorus upon the chief actors, and the lessons taught by the play, have in the present play found a fit representation in the Fool. He had been brought up with the King, called by him "old boy," and though in name a fool, he was wise enough to understand the cause of King Lear's sorrow and degradation, and his sarcastic and cutting remarks afford a pleasant change from the intense strain put upon the mind by the recitation of a continued tale of woe. The Fool's wit is like a second conscience to the King, and his comments, though caustic and severe, are nevertheless truthful and are fraught with words of wisdom.

"Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following. But the great one that goes upward let him draw thee after."

"Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that wear bags
Shall see their children kind."

"That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain
And follows, but for form
Will pack when it begins to rain
And leave thee in the storm."

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters and leave his horns without a case.

The avarice of Shylock overtopped parental affection. He mourned more for his ducats than for his daughter lost. Not so King Lear. It is not the loss of property that oppresses him so much as the loss of his daughters' affections and the base treatment he receives at their hands. They have betrayed the confidence he placed in them. They are bitter and ungrateful. Avarice has swallowed up filial affection. In his curse of Goneril, one of the severest penalties he wishes her to suffer is to feel, —

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

In this play, Shakespeare has violated the taste of classic writers in the twofold combination formed. Daughters despise the father in one part, while in another the bastard son plots the destruction of a noble brother and the death of his father, while both of the wicked factions combine and the daughters, treacherous to their aged sire, soon tire of the affections of their husbands, seek their destruction, and plotting finally against each other, make covert and illicit union with the base-born Edmund. The picture

drawn of that rude and barbarous age presents such discords in families and such rupture of the closest ties of relationship, that Schlegel says the actions of the characters represented "a great rebellion in the moral world; the picture becomes gigantic and creates horror such as would be excited by the idea of the heavenly bodies escaping from their ordained orbits."

Goneril is cold-hearted, wicked, and savage, as her treatment of the Duke of Gloucester discloses when she gouges out the old man's eyes. Goneril is the one most talked about by Lear in his fits of madness. Listen to his mad and incoherent mutterings as the faithful Kent tries to get him to lie down and rest.

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.
(*To Edgar*). Thou robed man of justice, take thy place.
(*To the Fool*). And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. (*To Kent.*) You are o' the commission,
Sit you too.

. . . . . .

Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor King, her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress, is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False Justicer, False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Such are the wandering fancies that troop in disorder in the mad King's brain. Keen were the pangs he suffered and great was his remorse as he thought

of the daughter whom he loved most but whom he had so hastily cast off and disinherited, that one daughter "who redeems nature from the general curse which twain have brought her to." Morning always looks brighter by reason of receding darkness. Sunlight is most welcome when it follows the passing thunder-cloud. That spring most attracts which follows a severe winter. So Cordelia comes into the play to brighten the gloom and blackness here portrayed. Ruskin asserts that the ideal characters of Shakespeare's plays comprise only women; the noblest male characters are found with noted blemishes, while with few exceptions, notably Lady Macbeth, Goneril, and Regan, he has portrayed female characters endowed with purity and loveliness. Cordelia was the daughter recognized by her sisters and father as the one he most dearly loved. To her in former days his heart had fondly turned. But in his old age he was subject to flattery and he hoped she would heap flattery upon him surpassing that of her sisters. Cordelia understood their hypocrisy and knew the shallowness of the professions they so glibly uttered to please the fancy of their aged sire. *She* would not barter her self-respect to win a kingdom. With her, love, like religion, was of life, not language. Hear her noble words as she stands before the waiting King: —

> *Cordelia.* Unhappy though I am, I cannot heave
> My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
> According to my bond; no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cordelia. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit;
Obey you, love you and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters
To love my father all.

Cordelia to her own self was true; but her response awakened only the bitter passion, willfulness, and anger of the King. He declares her —

"Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our oath."

Patiently she hears her doom pronounced; she utters no intemperate speech; governed by self-control and self-respect, she will not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning." She is only anxious lest any suspicion of dishonor should envelop her as she exclaims: —

"I yet beseech your Majesty, —
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak, — that you make known.
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
Still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking."

"Better," says Lear, "thou hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better." She had lost a father's favor, but won the admiration of the King of France, who accepts her as a dowry of herself, saying to her, —

"Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd!"

Says Lear: —

"Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. — (*To Cordelia.*) Therefore be gone.
Without our grace, our love, our benison."

Quietly she submits to her father's parting words, without scornful reply, but bids adieu to all, giving these words of parting advice to her sisters: —

The jewels of our father, with washed eyes,
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are;
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father,
To your professèd bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
Regan. Prescribe not us our duty.
Goneril. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cordelia. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

The self-control and patient submission of Cordelia win our admiration as she stands before her father,

while with his tongue he lashes her with scathing words. Filial love awaits sentence before a court from which there is no appeal. Reason has abdicated the throne, blind passion and fickleness hold sway. The unjust judgment is pronounced and is heard by the daughter without one hasty or impatient word uttered in reply. The daughter comprehends the weakness of the parent, she opposes no resistance to the order, yet pities her father from the bottom of her heart. The father has turned from the daughter, but the daughter does not turn from the father. She is an ideal of patience, a shining example and personification of the noblest fidelity ever described by the poet, who has said that "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds." The weakness of the parent calls for greater devotion by the child. She leaves him, but not without solicitude for his welfare; and when on a foreign shore she learns of his desertion and helplessness, she hastily leaves France with an army, lands on the English coast at Dover, finds her father, tenderly watches over him, and awaits with anxiety his returning consciousness.

No wonder he at first refused to see that daughter,

> "A sovereign shame so elbows him. His own unkindness
> That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her,
> To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
> To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things sting
> His mind so venomously that burning shame
> Detains him from Cordelia."

In his misfortune the wrong he did to his child is

forgotten by her. He is her father still. How tenderly she bends over him exclaiming, —

> "Was this a face
> To be opposed against the warring winds?
> To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?
> In the most terrible and nimble stroke,
> Of quick, cross lightning? To watch — poor perdu! —
> With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
> To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
> In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
> 'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
> Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.
> . . . . . .
> O look upon me, sir,
> And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
> No, sir, you must not kneel."

Kind, fond, and true is Cordelia, the brightest star that shines amid the gloom and blackness of the shifting scenes of this drama, always representing a love unselfish, devoted, and true. She is worthy of a comparison with Antigone, the highest ideal of womanhood found in Greek tragedy, and so happily described by Sophocles; she too watched over and cared for an aged father and subsequently dared, by reason of her fond affection for a brother, to disobey the state's decree and forfeit her life. Such high regard did the rites of burial have among the Greeks that it was their belief that the soul of an unburied body would wander one hundred years by the banks of the river Styx in the lower world before it could pass over

to the isles of the blessed, to the Elysian fields beyond. Hence the deep regard accorded to a burial service. Natural affection and a sister's love led Antigone, in defiance of a decree of the ruler of Thebes, to give her brother burial rites and scatter earth upon his lifeless form. For such disobedience she was doomed to die. When asked by King Creon if she had dared to disobey this law, she proudly answered yes, —

"Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough
That thou, a mortal man, shouldst overpass
Th' unwritten laws of God that know no change;
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live forever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the Gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die
I knew (how should I not?) though thy decree
Had never spoken. And before my time
If I shall die I reckon this a gain,
For whoso lives, as I, in many lives
How can it be, but he shall gain by death?"

Antigone's fidelity to the law of Nature and of God, when opposed to the law of state as pronounced in the decree of Creon, made her an ideal being, reverend and admired among the Greeks, for her truth and sincerity. Cordelia does not suffer in comparison with such a noble character. She too was as faithful and loyal in the devotedness which she exhibited towards a father, and unhesitatingly meets her doom as she attempts to rescue her father from the hands of his

enemies. She is forced into a prison with him, but the confinement does not terrify them. As they approach King Lear exclaims, —

> "Come let 's away to prison;
> We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
> When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
> And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
> And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
> At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
> Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
> Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
> And take upon 's the mystery of things,
> As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
> In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
> That ebb and flow by the moon."

I have seen it stated that in the historical plays the problem before Shakespeare's mind was, "How is a man to obtain a mastery of the actual world, and in what ways may he fail of such mastery? In the tragedies success means not any practical achievement in the world, but the perfected life of the soul; and failure means the ruin of the life of a soul through passion or weakness, through calamity or crime."

Such success and such failure have been fully set forth in the play we have been considering. The perfected life of the soul is seen in a Cordelia, a Lear, a Kent, and an Edgar; while the ruin of the soul's life and the rapid steps which caused its downfall are read in the fate of Edmund, Regan, and Goneril. There is a tone of sadness in the play. We naturally wish that its ending had been different, that the vir-

tues of Cordelia might have triumphed over the vices of her sisters, and that she might have been left to reign with her repentant father upon the throne which she so much merited. There is a continual clashing of virtues and vices; virtue is militant but not triumphant to our view here, but yet we believe trained for an immortality beyond. We cannot fail to notice, however, that the good stand by and defend the good, and act in harmony for the advance of the right, while the evil spirits in the play are not able to unite and act together, or, if any union is attempted, discord soon creeps in, and turning against one another, they are doomed to swift destruction.

Shakespeare's acknowledged power depends upon his powerful imagination. While other men see only an indistinct form and outline, he sees the whole. The form, the face, the expression, the thoughts, the emotions and the passions which move and sway men of high and low degree are seen at a quick glance by him and photographed upon the ever-living page of history. His imagination finds full play in a tragedy like that before us. He lays bare to our inspection the plots of the villain and the virtues of the noble-minded. He is unsurpassed also in his description of nature as well as of character. What a vivid portrayal is that in which Edgar leads the blind Gloucester, and by a ruse prevents his contemplated suicide! The beetling cliff, the samphire-gatherer, the fishermen and diminished boat described by Edgar as if seen from the

lofty rock, — in these we have one of the finest illustrations of the power of the author's imaginative art. In the play we are obliged to follow the foolish mutterings of a lunatic king. We tire of such disjointed sentences and wandering thoughts; and yet, so true are they to the mad character which he describes that the most experienced medical authorities have pronounced the play a true portrayal of the various stages through which the lunatic passes, and his true treatment prescribed in the tenderness and the soothing words which the loving Cordelia used.

In Shakespeare's time madness was supposed to be the result of some evil spirit which had taken possession of the subject, controlling and influencing him as if possessed of a devil. Shakespeare ascribed the results to natural causes, and in this play illustrated and described the different stages leading on to lunacy, and truthfully portrayed the symptoms, course, and treatment of the disease, discarding in advance of his age the theory that indwelling witches or evil spirits made all the trouble in the suspected subject. With two exceptions all of Shakespeare's plays deal with court scenes, — kings and clowns, queens and servants, lords and ladies, rich and poor, are brought into comparison. The contrasts of life and character which the dramatist always strives to find can be best obtained in royal palaces. Bacon was a contemporary of Shakespeare, but made no mention of his name in any of his writings. It was left to succeeding

ages to do him justice. In October, 1892, Westminster Abbey received into its hallowed and consecrated ground the lifeless form of England's honored Poet Laureate. As Tennyson neared the close of life the words of Shakespeare continued to be his delight. "King Lear," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Cymbeline," were plays he took pleasure in reading. On the last day of his life his finger rested in the partly closed volume in the place which marked the play of "Cymbeline." Thus at life's close the sweet influence of the greatest poet of the Elizabethan age rested upon the attractive singer of the Victorian era. "Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

The telautograph silently records upon the paper at the receiving station the movements made by an invisible hand far away. So Shakespeare's sovereign power is felt across the centuries, moving, moulding, and controlling all minds which await the reception of his silent messages. One of the most important of these is the present play which we have so hastily considered, hoping that we have not wearied your patience in holding your attention so long to King Lear, of whom it is time we now take our leave, saying with Kent as we go, —

> "Vex not his ghost, O let him pass! He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer."

HENRY THE FIFTH AND FALSTAFF

As the visitor strolls through the streets of Stratford-on-Avon, and approaches the different buildings made famous by historical associations and by relation to the life of the immortal Shakespeare, he will not fail to notice the Memorial Theatre erected with a purpose to keep alive a perpetual interest in the different plays written by the great dramatist.

In front of this theatre stands a beautiful bronze statue, the gift of Lord Ronald Gower, surmounted by the figure of Shakespeare, who, seated upon his lofty throne, holds in his hand a quill as if engaged with meditative look in writing down the thoughts and acts of mankind.

At the four corners of the statue's base are seen four other bronze figures representing in the artist's mind four prominent and representative characters of Shakespeare's plays. Hamlet, sitting with anxious and careworn brow holding in his hand the skull of Yorick, the King's jester. Lady Macbeth standing at the next corner, with sorrowful look as she attempts to rub out the imagined spot of blood from her extended hand. Young Prince Hal stands at another corner, holding in youthful triumph the regal crown which he is about to place upon his head, while at the fourth corner the portly Falstaff is seated upon

his bench, with empty goblet in hand and quizzical face as if listening to the banter of boon companions.

Tragedy, History, and Comedy are here represented in these several figures. While the tragedies have been, probably, most admired and studied, the historical plays are not without their admirers also, and are well worth the attention of the Shakespearean student.

There are two ways in which history may be studied: one, by the perusal of the pages of some reliable historian, where one may find carefully given exact dates of important events, sketches of the principal characters, and a careful description of the times and incidents which the historian desires to record, all often written with such exactness and detail as to become a record of cold facts which do not win the close attention of the reader or leave a lasting impression upon his memory. In comparison with this the poet's methods and manner are often more pleasing to the reader, and are attended with more beneficial results to his mind and memory.

The poet does not feel as great an obligation to follow statistical details, but takes a poetic license to give free course to his imagination and to place the scenes and characters of the history so attractively before his readers that they become as it were spectators of the times depicted; hearing the speech of the chief actors, listening to their counsels, and by means of the poet's imagination having the scenes and events

brought more vividly before them than if followed in a historical narrative. Hudson has perhaps comprehensively summed up the difference between the two in the remark that "History instructs and therefore pleases; while Art pleases and therefore instructs."

If, therefore, we can find pleasure in the study of a play although it may be the history of a kingdom, we shall be sure to receive profit also. The memory of events, being impressed upon our minds by means of an active imagination, brightens and illumines the different historical scenes which appear in the story.

Under the guidance of the poet we have been led to review a portion of English history between the years 1399 and 1422. During the first fourteen years attention is specially called to the early life of Henry V, and the companionship of Falstaff during King Henry IV's reign, followed by the nine years of the reign of King Henry V, between 1413 and 1422, — a period made prominent in English history by the excellent character of its ruler and by the spirit of patriotism which he encouraged and secured for the nation's history during his reign.

Young Prince Hal, as he was called, was born August 9, 1387, and was eleven years of age when his father became king. He was twenty-six when he himself ascended the throne, and was but thirty-four when he closed his career, August 31, 1422, being of about the age of Shakespeare when this play was probably written, during 1598 or 1599. It is therefore

highly probable that Shakespeare entered with more enthusiasm into the portrayal of the character of the young King. As Shakespeare's own history is connected with youthful pranks and lawlessness, causing, it is said, an early departure for London, we can well imagine that he entered into a vivid portrayal of the young Prince's associations with Sir John Falstaff, and his companions Bardolph, Peto, and Poins, and was not obliged to draw very heavily upon his imagination for the facts and illustrations of old tavern life, with which he himself had been so closely associated.

It is probable also that Shakespeare himself acted the part of the young Prince in the Theatre at London, as we learn from a letter written by Sir John Davies about 1607. "To our English Terence Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, some say, good Will which I in spirit do sing. . . . Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport, thou hadst been a companion for a king and become a king among the meaner sort."

As Prince Hal is the only one in all of Shakespeare's plays which can be called a kingly part played in sport, the conclusion is that Shakespeare was the original actor referred to. Our first introduction to the young Prince in the play of "Henry IV" finds him in the company of Falstaff and Poins, conversing about drink and taking purses; yet in his first soliloquy he prepares our minds for a change of life, his intention

being at some future time "this loose behaviour" to "throw off."

> "And pay the debt I never promised,
> . . . . . .
> And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
> My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
> Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
> Than that which hath no fault to set it off."

The solemn and dignified appearance of court life, the jealous nature of his father, surrounded with fawning and deceitful courtiers, disgusted the gay young Prince, inducing him to seek the jolly companions found at the Boar's Head Tavern, instead of mingling with the more formal and reserved associations of the palace. Such conduct annoyed and mortified his father, who reproved his wayward son for being so lavish of his presence and "so stale and cheap to vulgar company." King Henry says that he had

> "dressed himself in such humility,
> That he did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,"

and by his dignity secured the worship and allegiance of his subjects; but of his son he said: —

> "Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
> And he the noble image of my youth
> Is o'er spread with them, therefore my grief
> Stretches itself beyond the hour of death."

His grief breaks forth afresh when nearing death, as he rouses from sleep to find that his crown has been taken from his bedside by his son who is trying it upon his own head in an adjoining room, and he exclaims:

> "When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
> What wilt thou do when riot is thy care."

This stinging rebuke brought such a quick, hearty, and explanatory response as to convince the King that honor still remained in his sorrowful son and he advises him: —

> "Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
> With foreign quarrels that action hence borne out
> May waste the memory of former days."

King Henry IV, as founder of the House of Lancaster, never enjoyed in peace the fruits of his usurpation: the same barons who had helped him to the crown subsequently became his foes and sought to overthrow his power. England had been disturbed by different factions. Owen Glendower was a brilliant leader of the discontented men from Wales. Earl Douglas headed the opposition from Scotland. Henry Percy, surnamed "Hotspur," because, it was said, since the time he had first clasped spurs upon his feet, when twelve years of age, they were never cold by reason of his ceaseless activity, became a daring and impetuous leader. All these men had helped King Henry IV to his crown, but their zeal had grown cold in his support, and they later turned against him.

King Henry's anxiety and sorrow over his son's wildness and companionship was made the subject and sport of the young Prince's companions, and is nowhere better illustrated than in the scene in which the kingly sport is acted, when Falstaff prepares the

young Prince to receive the anticipated rebuke of his father, the fat knight himself personifying the King.

Of this scene Hudson says that it is "probably the choicest issue of comic preparation that genius has ever bequeathed to human enjoyment." I will recall a portion of the scene.

Falstaff. — There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. — What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Falstaff. — A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. — Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Falstaff. — Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. — Well, here I am set.

Falstaff. — And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince. — Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff. — My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. — The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff. — 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. — Swearest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likness of a fat old man; a ton of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness; that swollen parcel of dropsies; that huge bombard of sack; that stuffed cloak-bag of guts; that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly; that reverend vice; that grey iniquity; that father ruffian; that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous but in all things? Wherein worthy but in nothing?

Falstaff. — I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

Prince. — That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falstaff. — My lord, the man I know.

Prince. — I know thou dost.

Falstaff. — But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; . . . If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved! No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. — I do, I will.

This sportive and humorous dialogue, so comically given, presents Falstaff in his true light though given in comedy; and the reader naturally asks, as he reads over this history, why should Prince Hal seek such companionship? Falstaff has given answer in another place: "That he was not only witty in himself but the

cause that wit was in other men." He was full of life and jollity, the Prince companied with him for his conversation and sagacious comments on men and society, and it is always just such men who enliven the bar-rooms and provoke fun and laughter over the flowing cups of an ale-house. Is it not such companionship as attracts men in the present day to the gilded saloon? It was a popular picture for Shakespeare to give, of former times in old England, causing him to carry along its characters in the plays of "Henry IV" and "Henry V"; and it is said that the character so pleased Queen Elizabeth that she asked Shakespeare to represent Falstaff making love. This he did, it is said, by writing in fourteen days the play of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." But the incongruity of such a character in love failed in this respect and falls far below the merit of its production in the historical plays.

No sooner had the crown been placed upon the brow of the young Prince, as Henry the Fifth, than he at once made known that a change had come over him. As the royal procession passed Falstaff on its way, the latter boldly greeted the new King with "God save thy Grace, King Hal! My royal Hal!" to which the King replied: —

> "I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> I have long dream'd of such a kind of man
> So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
> But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.
Presume not that I am the thing I was.
. . . . . .
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile."

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that, at the moment of his father's death, —

"Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
To envelope and contain celestial spirits."

The Bishop of Ely likens his change "to the strawberry that grows underneath the nettle," —

"And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness."

When President Seelye in the classroom at Amherst College wished to impress upon the minds of the students that a noble life could be lived in the presence of a hostile environment, he used this illustration: "The lily sticks its root into the carrion and yet has petals of spotless purity and beauty." In the same way the young Prince, though mingling with and surrounded by elements of contagion, used them

for good and not for evil, and "grew like the summer grass fastest by night, unseen, yet crescive in his faculty."

The new King met the first question of importance, as to the right of making war upon France, by consulting with his advisers the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely, solemnly charging them justly and religiously to unfold whether the Salic law that no woman should succeed as ruler should, or should not, bar him in his claim of sovereignty over that country as heir of his great-grandfather Edward the Third; charging them not to decide against the truth, —

> "For God doth know how many now in health
> Shall drop their blood in approbation
> Of what your reverence shall incite us to."

They tell the King that he with right and conscience may lay claim to the throne of France, and urge him to "look back unto your mighty ancestors," from whom he claims; to —

> "Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
> And with your puissant arm renew their feats."

The divided condition of his own kingdom is debated; the wily Scot is talked about and the old maxim referred to —

> "If that you will France win
> Then with Scotland first begin."

In discussing the different grounds, defenses, and system by which the government should be main-

tained and defended, the Archbishop of Canterbury beautifully describes the commonwealth of the bees, unfolding the harmony of action, the unity and obedience between ruler and subject of the busy hive.

The advice and stirring exhortations of the prelates convince the young King that his claim is just, and he makes answer to the Dauphin's message of defiance from France, accompanied by tennis balls sent in mockery to remind him of the giddy courses of his youth, by bidding the messenger to say, —

> "When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
> We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
> Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard."

He zealously pursued the policy his father had advised, to busy his subjects with foreign war, and turn their thoughts away from dissensions at home.

He watchfully guards against surprise and shrewdly frustrates the treachery of Richard Earl of Cambridge, Sir Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland, and Henry Lord Scroop of Marsham, committing all to punishment, but first administering a stinging rebuke to Lord Scroop for his unfaithfulness.

> "What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
> Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
> Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
> That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
> That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
> Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use;
> . . . . . .
> Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
> And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,

To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man."

On August 15, 1415, the English army landed at Harfleur, and by September 22 the town surrendered and was put in the keeping of an English garrison. The great battle of the campaign came at Agincourt where the French were so strongly posted as to compel King Henry to surrender or cut his way through the French army. He was conscious of his great danger and so tells Gloucester on the eve of the battle, —

"Gloucester, 't is true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be. . . .
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself."

King Henry's love and care for his soldiers, and his desire to give them encouragement before the battle, are seen as he borrows Sir Thomas Erpingham's cloak, and mingles unknown with his men, talking with them as if he were one of the common people, preparing them for the coming battle and for life or death. He tells Williams: "Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. There-

fore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and, dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let them outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare."

In the soliloquy following this interview with his subjects, he compares the subject's condition with the King's, and exclaims: —

> "What infinite heart's-ease
> Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
> And what have kings, that privates have not too,
> Save ceremony, — save general ceremony?
> And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
> . . . . . .
> the sceptre, and the ball,
> The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
> The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
> The farcèd title running 'fore the King,
> The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
> That beats upon the high shore of this world,
> No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony, —
> Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
> Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave.
> . . . . . .
> The slave, a member of the country's peace,
> Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
> What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
> Whose hours the peasant best advantages."

On the morning of the battle he prays to the God of battles to give courage to his soldiers: —

"Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!"

He recalls what chapels he has built, and the poor he has aided, to atone for his father's crime of usurpation, and yet recognizes that it is not by works alone that pardon should be sought, but that repentance must be added also; saying as he concludes his prayer, —

"More will I do
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

After the great battle of Agincourt, fought October 25, 1415, in which ten thousand French were reported slain and but a small number of the English, — as the herald brings in this report of the battle, the King thankfully and reverentially gives God the glory, exclaiming, —

"O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is only thine."

The success of King Henry V in the conquests of the battle-field was followed by a successful conquest of the heart of Princess Katharine of France, who, in broken English, yields to the earnest petition of her suitor. A marriage treaty is consummated whereby

England is joined in "incorporate league" to France, and the two countries so long enemies again became friends, — King Henry's demands being granted and he himself publicly affianced to Princess Katharine.

The play closes with the marriage to Princess Katherine in 1420. Two years later, troubles in France called King Henry again to lead his armies there, and in the stress of a campaign he was stricken with a fatal fever, dying in France at the age of thirty-four. He left a young son, too young to govern; and under the dissensions that arose England lost the control of France which she had gained under the successful administration of Henry V.

In this and the preceding plays Shakespeare has presented the thoughts and opinions of a number of characters, and from their conversation and conduct we learn what motives should control ideal leaders and rulers in a kingdom.

We notice King Henry's public recognition of a divine ruler to whom allegiance is first due and to whom thanks are publicly given for his success. He had a careful oversight of the advisers who surrounded him. His intimate familiarity with mankind and with his own subjects developed sympathy and humanity in his character, making his life a marked contrast to the cold and austere dignity of his father.

The play has a tendency to awaken and promote a national feeling of patriotism and pride in the hearts

of all Englishmen, who have always held a proud remembrance of England's supremacy under this ruler.

It is worth while to notice and compare the different motives which influenced and controlled some of the other principal characters to whom our attention has been called.

Falstaff has suggested the inquiry what is true honor, in his soliloquy just before the battle of Shrewsbury, when he tells the Prince: "I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well."

"Why," said the Prince, "thou owest God a death."

Falstaff replies, "'T is not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I to be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word? What is in that word? — honour. What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. 'T is insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism."

The comments of the German writer, Professor Gervinus, are worth attention in comparing the stan-

dard of honor adopted by King Henry IV (born 1366) Henry Percy (born 1364), King Henry V (born 1388) and Falstaff.

King Henry IV looks upon honor externally and refers it only to the rank and position he fills; morality has nothing to do with his love of honor; appearance only is to be saved and his honor is to be maintained in the esteem of the world.

With Percy it is otherwise; the honor after which he aspires he wishes to deserve by action and by moral worth; his ambition springs from the humble feelings of the bravest heart; it is upborne by a noble pride till it swells into a thirst for glory which danger only provokes the more, and even the injustice of the means is overlooked in its aim.

Different again is Prince Henry's relation to honor. He is animated by the same ambition, by the same desire for glory as Percy, but it could never rise to that morbid thirst as in Percy, because it is of a more profound nature. It is not pride but noble self-reliance which urges him forward to satisfy himself. This is of more importance to him than to stand well in others' esteem. He spiritualizes and refines the true idea of honor into the true dignity of man, and the consciousness of this possession is his consolation, even though having the appearance of baseness and the bad opinion of the world.

To all these Falstaff stands as a contrast. By the side of these heroes of honor he seems utterly de-

prived of all sense of honor and of shame, and it is not possible to him to imitate dignity even in play. A respect for the opinion of others and a need of self-esteem are foreign to him; it is selfishness alone which places this machine in motion. He is the personification of the inferior side of man, of his animal and sensual nature. All the spiritual part of man, honor, and morality are wanting. Falstaff is all care about his subsistence. By his moral stupefaction he holds to the natural right of animals. "If the young dace be a bait for the old pike," he sees no reason in the law of nature why he may not "snap at the simple, the insipid, the dull, and the brisk among mankind."

He has no feeling for the property, welfare, and right of another, but robs and steals, surrounds himself with the Gadshills, whom the carriers would not trust with a lantern, tries to use the Prince as a means for robbing the exchequer, and after the Prince's accession to the throne would like to banish law and the gallows.

His influence was great; he was "wise as a serpent," but corrupt, and it was not by association with him that Prince Hal was made great. He became so in spite of such associations, "still listening to the spirits of the wise."

It was not so with Bardolph; so tightly had Falstaff drawn him to his close companionship, that Bardolph exclaims when he learns of Falstaff's death:

"Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in Heaven or Hell."

Falstaff by his conversation showed an acquaintance with the Scriptures. He refers to Pharaoh's lean kine; to Dives that lived in purple; his recruits were "ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth where the glutton's dogs lick his sores." His poverty is likened to Job's; like Adam he falls, and in his last hour, as death approaches, his memory tries to recall the Scripture passage, "The Lord is my Shepherd, . . . he maketh me to lie down in green pastures." As Dame Pistol told it as she went into the other room, "A' babbled of green fields."

Of the associations of Falstaff, Richard Grant White says: "Poins, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Justice Shallow, Silence and the rest, form a group which for its presentation of the humorous side of life has never been equalled in literature."

Ignatius Donnelly claims that Francis Bacon is the author of the play in which these characters appear, and refers to the attempt made in sport by Prince Henry, when, at the Boar's Head Tavern, he arranged with Poins to mystify the drawer, as he is called by name Francis successively, by the two men. Donnelly inquires, "What was the purpose of this nonsensical scene, which, as some one has said, is about on a par with the wit of a negro-minstrel show? What had it to do with the plot of the play? Nothing." But, he says, "It enabled the author to bring in the

name of Francis twenty times in less than a column, and observe how curiously the words Francis are presented; five times it is given in italics and fifteen times in Roman type." As I read this criticism it occurred to me that if Bacon was presenting a lot of nonsense to his fellowcountrymen, seemingly for their entertainment, when in reality he only intended it as a vehicle to carry down to posterity the name of Francis Bacon, to be discovered centuries after his death by those he never knew, his reputation is more blackened than brightened by such deception. Such arguments as these of Mr. Donnelly I presume add interest to the communication written from Europe by Irving Browne, Esq., to the "Albany Law Journal," of his visit to Stratford. Mr. Browne says that he was enabled by the courtesy of the verger of the church to present to his Shakespearean living readers an authentic version of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's soliloquy at the tomb of Shakespeare.

"Dismiss your apprehension, pseudo-bard,
For no one wishes to disturb these stones
Nor cares, if here, or in the outer yard,
They stow your impudent, deceitful bones.

"Your foolish colored bust upon the wall,
With its preposterous expanse of brow,
Shall rival Humpty Dumpty's famous fall,
And cheats no cultured Boston people now.

"Steal deer, hold horses, act your third-rate parts,
Hoard money, booze, neglect Anne Hathaway,

You can't deceive us with your stolen arts;
Like many another dog, you've had your day.

"I have expressed your history in a cipher;
I 've done your sum, for all ensuing time:
I don't know what you longer wish to lie for,
Beneath these stones, or in your doggerel rhyme.

"Get up and dust, or plunge into the river,
Or walk the chancel with a ghostly squeak,
You were an ignorant and evil liver,
Who could not spell, nor write, nor know much Greek.

"Though you enslaved the ages by your spell,
And Fame has blown no reputation louder,
Your cake is dough, for I, by sifting well,
Have quite reduced your dust to Bacon powder."

There are not wanting strong supporters of the belief that Bacon was the author of the plays in which we take so much delight. They call upon the friends of Shakespeare to produce some plays in Shakespeare's writing or show some evidence of his handiwork written by himself. I think William Winter in his work on "Shakespeare's England" has presented a good reason for such absence of written documents. He thinks it possible that some of Shakespeare's manuscripts perished in the fire that consumed the Globe Theatre in 1613. His last days were passed in his home at Stratford, within thirty-three years of the execution of Charles the First under the Puritan Commonwealth of Oliver Cromwell. The Puritan spirit was intolerant of the playhouse and of all

its works. Shakespeare's daughter Susanna was thirty-three at the time of his death and survived him thirty-three years. His daughter Judith was thirty-one at the time of his death and survived him forty-six years. And Mr. Winter says: "The whisper of tradition is that both were Puritans, and if so the strange and seemingly unaccountable disappearance of whatever playhouse papers he may have left at Stratford should not be obscure."

Though the original documents cannot be found which Shakespeare penned, his thoughts have been saved and transmitted to us for culture, instruction, and entertainment, and the historical plays which we have briefly examined have brought to our attention an additional interest in old English life, the government, and the men who lived in the time of King Henry the Fifth.

THE TEMPEST

Dr. Edward Dowden, a thoughtful student of Shakespeare's dramatic works, has classed them under four divisions, having reference to the relation they sustain to the twenty or more years of the author's literary career.

The periods he designates are called, first, "In the Workshop," second, "In the World," third, "Out of the Depths," fourth and last, "On the Heights." I think the division a happy one. The effusive and passionate writings of his early life show a marked degree of inferiority compared with the productions of later years. Lightness and instability mark his first poems. Later he mingles with men, studies the world, and seeks to find in its associations unalloyed pleasure; then come disappointment and sorrow, shown in the relations which the sonnets disclose and in the musings of the melancholy Dane. But when we study "The Tempest," one of the last if not *the* last of his works, we find him calmly surveying the struggling masses of humanity below him, recording the deliberations of an intellect which has passed through the fire of affliction and the stern discipline of life and has attained a dignified and calm repose. Probably the play of "Hamlet" has had more readers and been

more admired than any other of Shakespeare's plays. Hamlet was of noble mind, he had —

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword."

He was —

"The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers,"

and yet a cloud of sorrow rested above him and ever-present melancholy brooded over him. He saw and felt that the world in which he moved was full of shams and wickedness. His suspicions of false play were corroborated by unmistakable proof, and he felt called upon as a minister of fate to attempt to right the wrongs about him. His exclamation portrays his feelings : —

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

He turns for assistance to his mother and finds her in alliance with the murderer of his father. Ophelia can give him no aid with her sympathy, his friends and companions become his spies! He is a man of intense thought but hesitates to act; he is ever planning but never coming to execution. The Hamlet of Shakespeare is Shakespeare himself at one period of his career, and the disappointments of Hamlet's life, read with the sonnets, indicate that when "Hamlet" was written, the problems of life were unsettled and mis-

understood, and Hamlet's life went out in a darkness of despair.

Truly at this time Shakespeare was struggling in the depths, the sun gone down and darkness over him. In the character of Prospero, subsequently portrayed in "The Tempest," we find that the problems of life which had weighed upon his mind and were unsolved when "Hamlet" was written, were afterwards better understood, and in "The Tempest" they obtained a solution not found in other plays. Read "Hamlet" first and then take up "The Tempest," and we shall find that the doubting, questioning, and distracted Hamlet has yielded to the calm, resigned, and loving Prospero, who is also thought to represent Shakespeare. The sea-girt isle is but a symbol of the world in which we live; a brother is displaced by a brother, crime is ever present, ambition goads the conqueror on, wickedness rules in high places, and sin is ever plotting against virtue; but over and above all rules with an imperial sway a Providence, aided by supernatural powers. Love and Reason rule this island with irresistible control, order comes out of the chaos which at first threatened its destruction. The earthy Sycorax and her foul offspring are subdued by powers of light; the wicked mother and her debased son are met and are successfully opposed by a thoughtful father and his loving daughter.

The play of "The Tempest" usually occupies the first place in the order in which the plays are ar-

ranged in Shakespeare's works, although in point of time it was written last or among the last of his productions. The first printed edition did not appear until twelve years after his death. Its first production occurred about the year 1611. The author had experienced many changes in his life, commencing as a play-actor in minor parts in his dramatic experience, then altering and resetting dramas for the stage, and finally devoting himself exclusively to the entire composition of those plays which have made his name immortal. We should naturally expect that increasing years and experience would add to his wisdom, and that the impressions of a lifetime would be received by an admiring audience with eager attention and approval. A careful study of this latest play by Richard Grant White leads him to the conclusion that "in 'The Winter's Tale,' 'The Tempest' and 'Henry VIII' will be found the very latest productions of Shakespeare's pen, and in the first and third the reader will find marks of hasty work in versification and construction, but the touch of the master is unmistakable, quite through them all, and 'The Tempest' is one of the most perfect of his works in all respects."

The play was performed, perhaps for the first time, before King James and the court in November, 1611. It is not a play, however, that is often seen on the stage in the present day. It is a play better suited to be read and studied than attempted in a theatre. The

relations of the unseen and spiritual world with the temporal cannot be satisfactorily set forth in a playhouse. In this drama we are called upon to note the changes wrought by influences unseen upon this material world and its inhabitants. The writer has passed beyond the bounds of sight and entered the confines of the eternal world, and the play becomes one of an ethereal or philosophical character rather than spectacular.

The story is enlarged by Shakespeare from a German romance, and in it full play is given to Shakespeare's ever-fertile imagination. Critics differ as to the geographical position of the island described, but whether the Bermudas or some other group were actually intended is of little account. The characters bear names indicative of their attributes; the gross and sensual Caliban standing, by a transformation of the letters of cannibal, for the most degraded personage ever seen; while Ariel, like the swift-footed and bright-eyed gazelle from which the name may have been taken, or from his light and airy nature, "ran upon the winds, rose on the curled clouds, and in the colors of the rainbow lived." He attracts us by his activity and spiritual intelligence and is Prospero's ready helper in thought and action. Miranda is rightly named, and she always wins our "admiration" in her unaffected modesty and grace. We can find in the course and conclusion of Prospero's eventful life a being filled with bright hope of the

future, ever foreseeing and controlling by supernatural aid all with whom he is brought in contact. As in other plays, so in this, opposite characters and sharp contrasts in life only serve to make the plot more interesting and to develop the mental workings of the men and women who people Shakespeare's world.

Prospero was the rightful Duke of Milan, but his excessive fondness for books, which he prized above his dukedom, led him to neglect giving his time and attention to the cares of state. These he left with his brother, Antonio, who —

> "having both the key
> Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
> To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
> The ivy which had hid my [Prospero's] princely trunk
> And sucked my verdure out on 't."

As Absalom stole the hearts of his father's subjects, so Antonio won the Duke of Milan's followers, and, plotting with the king of Naples, secured Prospero's banishment. Casting him adrift upon an open sea with his daughter Miranda, he expected that nothing more would be heard of him. But by "Providence divine" the rotton carcass of a boat was guided to an island home, where, with its precious cargo, it found safe haven.

Here Caliban is found, one of Shakespeare's greatest creations, illustrating the lowest grade of humanity. His mother was the sorceress Sycorax, who grew in

the shape of a hoop, rising from the earth but bending back again to the same low origin, never rising above that which was wholly sensual and degrading; and as in this world the spiritual and sensual are continually in conflict, so here we meet with the same contest. As at the first, sense conquers spirit, so here Ariel the spiritual, because he would not "act the earthly and abhorred commands" of Sycorax, was for twelve years imprisoned in a cloven pine; released by Prospero, he renders him afterwards valuable service, a representative of thought coming and going at the call of his master. Caliban, as the child of Sycorax, and an embodiment of sensuality, desired to drag all down to his own low level. He had been pitied by Prospero, who attempted to educate him; but his vile "race, though he did learn something, had that in it, which good natures could not abide." He had been guarded with human care." Prospero had lodged him in his own cell till he sought to violate the honor of his child, and said he would have peopled the isle with Calibans had he been able. Prospero calls him —

> "A devil, a born devil on whose nature
> Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
> Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
> And as with age his body uglier grows,
> So his mind cankers."

Such was the return Prospero was receiving for his attempts to educate an anarchist, for Caliban is none other. And his type has not passed away; Debs and

his sympathizers exhibit the degrading passions which moved Caliban. Controlled by sense, not reason, their treatment must be the same which Prospero determined for Caliban.

> "But thy vile race,
> Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
> Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
> Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
> Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison."

Gratification of the senses was what Caliban sought, and he was easily led away by the enticing liquor of Trinculo and Stephano; ready to yield them service and singing as he goes in his drunken way: —

> "No more dams I'll make for fish;
> Nor fetch in firing,
> At requiring;
> Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
> 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
> Has a new master; get a new man.
> Freedom, hey-day! . . . freedom, hey-day, freedom!"

Such was the battle-cry of freedom which Caliban sung as he followed his new masters; but it was the freedom to serve sense and prejudice, not reason. Has not the poet in this character portrayed the motives which move the anarchist and socialist? To them, gratification of sense and passion is stronger than reason or spiritual intelligence. No matter by what laws or systems rights of property have been acquired, "Give us freedom," the anarchist cries, and abolish the system of law and order under which the nation

has flourished. Wisely does the dramatist teach us that intelligence and reason should hold sway, and curbs with stern decree this type of sin and ugliness. At one time Caliban comes near attaining the fulfillment of his plots for Prospero's overthrow, but the latter's ministering spirit, Ariel, warns him of his danger and prevents his threatened destruction. He is led to consider the end of all things, and pronounces the doom which awaits the whole earth on the day of judgment. The solemn and emphatic words will be found inscribed on a tablet in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, and when read amid such surroundings, they seem doubly impressive: —

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Prospero's brother, Antonio, expected that his plan for his brother's destruction by the elements when cast adrift upon the wide sea, would be successful; that he himself would reign, the undisputed Duke of Milan. Among his followers was the good councillor, Gonzalo, a man inclined to look upon life more as a comedy than a tragedy, one who was cheerful under all circumstances. His comments on the conduct of the rough boatswain in the midst of the storm illustrate his humor: "I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;

his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable." Later in the play he humorously gives his views of the socialist's ideal commonwealth: —

"I' the Commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known, riches, poverty,
And use of service none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty. . . .
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, gun, knife, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance."

Such ever has been the dream of the socialist, and Alonso stops such nonsensical talk with the words: —

"Prithee no more; thou dost talk nothing to me."

It may not be amiss here to turn to another play and listen to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his conclusions on the division of labor.

"Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion,
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees;

Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home,
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

The conflicts and discords that arise in matters of state are for a time forgotten when we pass to a consideration of family relations. The poem would not be complete without its love-story, and how finely it has been told! There is love at first sight, followed by mutual declarations of the parties as the old story is told again; but as the course of true love never did run smooth, so here the father's apparent opposition brings sorrow to the hearts of the lovers, the reason for his opposition being "lest too light winning make the prize light." Ferdinand's rough treatment by Prospero makes the admired Miranda an earnest interceder in his behalf. He is called an usurper by Prospero and set to the hard task of piling up heavy logs upon the island. This mean task is made light by thoughts of Miranda's sympathy, who wept to see

him work and offered with her own hand to help him on. Ferdinand patiently endured the toil to win the prize, and gladly hears Prospero's approval of his love at last.

> "All thy vexations
> Were but trials of thy love, and thou
> Hast strongly stood the test. Here afore Heaven,
> I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
> Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
> For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
> And make it halt behind her."

In this story the poet recognizes the right of choice, first in the maiden and her lover, before the parent's sanction is given; then following the parent's sanction came those earnest words of warning that no unholy passion should melt their honor into lust or mar their happiness before —

> "All sanctimonious ceremonies may
> With full and holy rite be ministered."

Wedlock rests on love, not lust, and following the choice of the lovers and the sanction of the parent, the state or its official representative should also be called upon to cement the union, making the ceremony one in which society as well as the individual and family are interested. Renowned Greek goddesses appear to celebrate the nuptials. Juno, queen of the Gods, pronounces her blessing upon the happy couple, while Ceres, the goddess of Agriculture, asks that the bounty of the earth may be theirs. The gleaners of the harvest appear to show the blessings

and happiness which attend and follow labor. Venus is kept away, for which neglect, —

> "Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
> Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows."

The enemies of the duke are in his power on the enchanted island, but his purpose is not vengeance, but repentance and mercy, as he exclaims, —

> "Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part. The rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
> The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
> Not a frown further."

The mysterious voices heard about the island bring the "heart's sorrow and a clear life ensuing" to the guilty men; and as the quality of mercy is "mightiest in the mightiest," so Prospero extends his hearty pardon for the crimes committed against him. Ariel had sighed for freedom, and when reconciliation had been effected between the natural and spiritual his work was done and he was dismissed to his native elements, singing as he goes: —

> "Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
> In a cowslip's bell I lie;
> There I couch when owls do cry,
> On the bat's back I do fly
> After summer, merrily,
> Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

The last work of Shakespeare is the greatest in

its lesson of reconciliation effected between the jarring and discordant elements which were not understood by Hamlet; and as Ariel's work was done, so the poet felt his greatest task was ended. Perhaps as concise a summary of this play as can be given is that of Dr. Edward Dowden, who says: "Shakespeare seems in this play, among other things, to consider the question, what is true freedom? Ariel, incapable of human bonds, pants for liberty. Caliban sings his drunken song of freedom, and conspires to throw off the yoke of Prospero's rule; but Ferdinand, the lover, finds true freedom in her he loves; and Prospero, resigning his magic powers, finds it in the law of human duty."

If the analysis of this play has made clearer to any one the picture which Shakespeare saw from his high vantage-ground as he surveyed struggling humanity below him, the writer will have accomplished his desire, and perhaps the study may lead us to assent to the devotion of Goethe, who said that "at the first touch of Shakespeare's genius something inspiring hovered above him [Goethe] that he became his for life; that he was like one born blind on whom a miraculous hand bestowed sight in a moment; and that he had a most vivid sense of the infinite expression of his existence." A similar realization I think men are experiencing to-day as they see human nature and man's life described in a manner unsurpassed except in God's own word.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

It is the purpose of the writer of this paper briefly to review the life of a well-known citizen of Massachusetts, whose writings of prose, poetry, and fiction have found a place in all libraries and have proved a source of entertainment to those readers who delight in sensible, critical, and satirical observations upon society as it appeared during the century which has lately closed.

Following a short sketch of his life, I propose to refer to some of the subjects upon which he has written, and to quote at length in some cases, believing that the best commentary that can be made upon an author's writings is the writings themselves.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 29, 1809. The early years of the last century were marked by the birth of many noted writers and distinguished men. Emerson was born in 1803, Hawthorne in 1804, Willis in 1806, Longfellow and Whittier in 1807, while Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, and Abraham Lincoln were born in the same year with Holmes — in 1809.

His father, Rev. Abiel Holmes, was a strictly orthodox Congregational clergyman of New England, while his mother, Sarah Wendell, was from an old

Dutch family in Albany. The poet was born in Cambridge, in a gambrel-roofed house which stood near the buildings of Harvard University. It pleased Dr. Holmes to find the original record of the date of his birth in an old family almanac kept by his father; opposite the date August 29 was a mark, and at the bottom of the page a corresponding mark with the letters, "Son b." In his early years he was trained by his mother to recite the Shorter Catechism; but the words "In Adam's Fall, we sinned all," while received by his memory, were not accepted by his judgment. His father, he thinks, wished him to become a clergyman, but the strict puritanical rule of the times and the solemn appearance of a clergyman who frequented his home, reminding young Holmes of an undertaker as he says, led him to desire some other profession. He says that in his earliest years he was haunted by two spectres, the dread of ghosts and the visits of the doctor. The strange sounds at night, the creaking of the boards, the howling of winds and other noises heard at night, kept him awake and full of fear, and these causes of unhappiness, combined with tooth-drawing, were remembered by Holmes as chief among the terrors of his boyhood.

After finishing a course of schooling at Andover, he entered Harvard College, from which he graduated in his twentieth year in the class of '29. The members of the class had a strong hold upon the affections of Dr. Holmes, and they in return dearly loved him.

For more than fifty class reunions he was chosen as the class poet, always enlivening these occasions with wit and humor.

During his college days he turned his attention to composition, and showed an inclination to poetry and literature. On his graduation he first chose the profession of law, studying one year for an experiment, he says, uncertain as to what profession he had better select. He had a fondness for literature, but thought it unwise to depend upon that for a living. He did not find the law a congenial occupation, and after a year's trial turned his attention to the study of medicine, studying for two and one half years in Europe and taking his degree at the Harvard Medical School in 1836. He was youthful in appearance and under medium height, and these facts he thought stood somewhat in the way of his early success in medical practice. Dr. Walter Channing of Boston on one occasion took Dr. Holmes with him in consultation to visit an invalid lady in a suburb of Boston. On their entering the room, the patient rose in her bed and said peevishly, "Dr. Channing, why do you bring that little boy in here? Take him away, this is no place for boys." Dr. Holmes at once withdrew in wrath, declining to enter again that sick room.

In 1839 he accepted the position of teacher of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. In 1847 he was made Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard Uni-

versity, a position which he retained until the close of 1882. Concerning Dr. Holmes's scheme of instruction, Professor Dwight says: "Any one who has experience in lecturing recognizes that he must decide whether he will address himself to the higher or lower half of the class. Dr. Holmes lectured to the latter; it was part of his humanity to do so. He felt a sympathy for the struggling lad preparing to practice whose work is hard, and money scarce."

"I do not give the best lectures that I can give," he said on several occasions. "I should shoot over their heads. I try to teach them a little and to teach it well. My advice to every teacher less experienced than myself would be, therefore: do not fret over the details you have to omit, you probably teach too many as it is. Individuals may learn a thing well once hearing it, but the only way of teaching a whole class is by continuous repetition, representation and illustration in all possible forms. Now and then you will have a young man on your benches like the late Waldo Burnett, not very often. If you lecture for half a century you cannot pretend to lecture chiefly for men like that. A Mississippi craft might as well take an ocean steamer in tow. To meet his merits you would have to leave the rest of your class behind, and that you must not do."

President Allen of Jefferson College says that his instruction has been successful in proportion as it has been elementary. "It may be a humiliating state-

ment," he says, "but it is one which I have found true in my experience."

Dr. Holmes's opportunities for reading and study commenced with his home training. His father's library contained between one and two thousand volumes, among them being the English classics and the poets. In poetry Pope's Homer was his favorite. He read, he says, but few books *through*, reading *in* books rather than *through* them, feeling it a task to read a book *through*, but paying careful attention to the paragraph or page which attracted him; and that left its impression upon his mind which was retained in his memory.

When asked how such and such a poem had come into his consciousness, he replied that it was a case of spontaneous generation, and that it was written through him, and he could only refer it to that inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding to all his thinking creatures and sends his spiritual messages to them with thoughts, as he sent the ravens with food to Elijah in the wilderness.

His literary talent commenced to display itself in his college course, but it was not until he commenced writing papers for the *Atlantic Monthly* that his genius was widely known. The successive numbers of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," as they appeared, excited the pleasure and admiration of all readers, and brought at once into popularity the magazine in which his monthly productions appeared; and it be-

came a question whether the *Atlantic* "floated" Dr. Holmes or whether he "floated" the *Atlantic*. It is certain, however, that his writings for that periodical gave it a prestige and success which its publishers have endeavored since to maintain in the strife of many competitors for popular favor.

The different characters who gathered around the breakfast-table have by the report given of their conversation gained for themselves a world-wide notoriety. Their number seemed to be largely increased, as the Professor remarked that there were at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in the dialogue between John and Thomas, namely: —

Three Johns: (1) The real John, known only to his Maker; (2) John's ideal John, — never the real one, and often very unlike him; and (3) Thomas's ideal John, — never the real John nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases: (1) The real Thomas; (2) Thomas's ideal Thomas; and (3) John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed; only one can be weighed on a platform balance; but the other two are just as important in the conversation.

The young fellow who answered to the name of John hastened to make a practical application of the Professor's theory, as the basket of peaches was sent on its way to the Professor by way of this unlettered Johannes, who appropriated the three peaches that

remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. The Professor says that he convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.

Society, the Professor remarks, is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves. A *club*, he writes, is the next best thing for obtaining the literary infusion desired, strung like a harp, with about a dozen ringing intelligences, each answering to some chord of the macrocosm. They do well, he says, to dine together once in a while. A dinner party made up of such elements is the last triumph of civilization over barbarism. Nature and art combine to charm the senses; the equatorial zone of the system is soothed by well-studied artifices; the faculties are off duty and fall into their natural attitudes; you see wisdom in slippers and science in a short jacket. The publication called *The Nation* at one time was very severe in its criticism of Dr. Holmes's writings, and perhaps he had this paper in mind when, asked by one of the boarders, if a fellow attacked his opinions in print would he reply? He answered: "Not I; do you think I don't understand what my friend the Professor long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Don't know what that means? Well, I will tell you. You know that if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe-stem and

the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, *and the fools know it.*"

Dr. Holmes was a zealous advocate of outdoor exercise, and riding, boating, and walking were actively participated in by him at all times. Of the latter he says: "I do not deny the attractions of walking; I have bored this ancient city through and through in my travels, until I know it as an old inhabitant of a Cheshire knows his cheese." He expressed great pleasure in the rambles he took, and asserted that walking is an immeasurably fine invention of which old age ought constantly to avail itself. The pleasure of exercise is due first to a purely physical impression, and secondly to a sense of power in action. In walking, the will and muscles are so accustomed to work together, and perform their task with so little expenditure of force, that the intellect is left comparatively free. The mental pleasure in walking as such is the sense of power over all our moving machinery.

Perhaps the pleasantest and most attractive walk to which the Professor refers is his last one with the schoolmistress, when she accepted his proposal to take the long path with him which led through life. "The Autocrat" was published in 1858. It was followed in 1859 by "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," and fourteen years later "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" appeared.

The talk of the breakfast-table is on a variety of subjects and affords a fine opportunity for the play of Dr. Holmes's wit and humor, as well as sound common sense and criticism of different subjects which hold the attention of many readers. Occasionally the boarders were delighted with some choice bit of poetry, while many an anecdote and reminiscence of his experience in daily life found a place here. "The Autocrat" found such a favorable reception that the *Atlantic* continued to publish his writings, under other titles but in a similar vein of composition.

As our Club has among its members several professional men, it may not be out of place to notice Dr. Holmes's comments upon them as found in "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table."

The lawyers, he says, are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors the most sensible. The business of the lawyers, he says, is as unsympathetic as Jack Ketch's; there is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow men. They go for the side that retains them; they defend a man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. "Mind you," he says, "I am not finding fault with them. Every side of a case has a right to the best statement it admits of, but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of Fever *vs.* Patient the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant

heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the Devil according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages when the soul of a sinner was in question — you can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. . . .

"The ministers come next in point of talent. I like to talk with them, they are interesting men, full of good feelings, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and on the whole the most efficient civilizing class. The trouble is that so many of them work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They feed us on canned meats mostly. They cripple our instincts and reason, and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a good many of them, of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they are quite so easy in their minds — the greater number of them, — nor so clear in their conviction as one would think to hear them lay down the law in the pulpit."

As Dr. Holmes did not wish to follow his father's calling as a minister, and as, after one year's study of the law, he left that profession for the study of medicine, we are not surprised to find him more eulogistic of the doctors, who are, he says, the least learned of the professional men in this country. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor a quarter of that of the ministers. "I rather think, though," he says, "they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with the black coats or the

men with the green bags. People can swear before them if they want to, and they can't very well before ministers. — I don't care whether they want to swear or not, they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him; he comes when the people are *in extremis*, but they don't send for him every time they make a slight moral slip, — tell a lie, for instance, or smuggle a silk dress through the Custom House; but they call in the doctor when a child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it does not mean much to send for him — only a pleasant chat about the news of the day; for putting the baby to rights does n't take long. — Besides, everybody does n't like to talk about the next world; people are modest in their desires and find this world as good as they deserve, but everybody likes to talk physic; everybody loves to hear of strange cases; people are eager to tell their doctor of the wonderful cures they have heard of; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is suffering from 'a complication of diseases'; and above all to get a hard name, Greek or Latin, for some complaint which sounds altogether too commonplace in plain English"; and for these reasons he thinks doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

A successful venture was made by Dr. Holmes in the writing of romances, commencing with "Elsie Venner," which also appeared first in the pages of the

Altantic. The purpose of the story Dr. Holmes explained in a letter written under date of September 13, 1860, to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, declaring it to be his purpose to write a story with enough of interest in its characters to attract the popular attention, and under cover of this to stir that mighty question of automatic agency in its relation to self-determination, doing this by means of an outside agency predetermining certain traits of character and certain apparently voluntary acts, such as the common judgment of mankind and the tribunals of law and theology have been in the habit of recognizing as sin and crime.

This thought is further illustrated in the story itself, in the Professor's reply to Bernard Langdon's inquiry as to preinherited dispositions.

Says the Professor: "Treat bad men exactly as if they were insane. They are insane, out of health, morally. Reason, which is food to sound minds, is not tolerated, still less assimilated, unless administered with the greatest caution, — perhaps not at all. Avoid collision with them as far as you honorably can. Keep your temper if you can, for one angry man is as good as another. Restrain them from violence promptly, completely, and with the least possible injury, just as in the case of maniacs. Contemplate them charitably, remembering that nine tenths of their heredity comes from outside influences, drunken ancestors, abuse in childhood, bad company, from

which you happily have been preserved and for some of which you as a member of society may be fractionally responsible. I think also there are special influences which work in the blood like ferments."

The story is illustrated with lively sketches of New England's former social life as described in Colonel Sprowle's party, given to honor his daughter on her attaining the age for introduction into society. There is the discussion as to where the border line of invitations shall be drawn, the careful preparations made for the swell event. The colonel proposed to have dancing, which some claim never brought blessings on the house having it. The colonel said he did n't believe in these notions, and if a man happened to be struck dead the night after he had been going to a ball he should n't call it a judgment but a coincidence. The dancing, however, prevented the orthodox minister from letting his granddaughter go to the party. Deacon Soper, one of the guests, thought a little wine was not objectionable at the entertainment, being, as the author says, one of those consistent Christians who stick firmly by the first miracle and Paul's advice to Timothy. The party was a success in the eyes of the host, his family and guests, as well as the children at different homes, who were subsequently provided for by means of various oranges and sweetmeats, and for whom, the author says, it will often require great exertion on the parent's return to freight himself so as to meet their reasonable expectations.

While we are entertained and interested by Dr. Holmes's Breakfast-Table talks and enjoy his description of old New England life, so well told in "Elsie Venner" and the "Guardian Angel," I think he has greater fame as a poet than in any other department of literature. There are poems of patriotism, of life, and those commemorative of the War, of class reunions, and of old age.

Among his earlier poems "Old Ironsides" is one of the favorites with aspiring orators in the high schools of our country, written by Dr. Holmes in September, 1830, when there were statements in the newspapers that the Secretary of the Navy had recommended a disposal to be made of Old Ironsides, the popular name by which the frigate Constitution had been called. The protest called forth by this announcement prevented the sale or destruction of this venerable craft, and this poem tersely expressed the indignation which the proposal of the Secretary of the Navy had aroused. While "The Deacon's Masterpiece; or, The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," "The Broomstick Train," "The Iron Gates," "Bunker-Hill Battle," "Before the Curfew," and many of the poems read at class reunions, on birthday and national occasions, are much read and admired, I think the popular estimate of the best is divided between "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Last Leaf." The latter was suggested by the appearance in the streets of Boston of a venerable

relic of the Revolution, said to be one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was a fine monumental specimen, in his cocked hat and knee-breeches, and Dr. Holmes says that the smile with which he as a young man greeted him meant no disrespect to an honored fellowcitizen whose costume was out of date, but whose patriotism never changed with years.

Our former president had a great liking for the poem and repeated it from memory to Governor Andrew, as the governor himself told Dr. Holmes.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

I ought not to overlook Dr. Holmes's fondness for society and for the group of friends which he gathered around him. Prominent among his social meet-

ings was the Saturday Club. Beginning with three or four, consisting of Emerson and others, and continually increasing in numbers until it included Motley, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, E. R. Hoar, Professor Agassiz, Appleton, Sumner, Governor Andrew, Whipple, and Fields, with many more, outside of his own home, nothing else gave him so much pleasure as this club. He held its members in high regard, and in later years seemed to recall with sadness the memory of those who had gone.

He says of the club meetings: "People, the right kind of people, meet at a dinner-party as two ships meet and pass each other at sea. They exchange a few signals, ask each other's reckoning, where from, where bound; perhaps one supplies the other with a little food or a few dainties; then they part to see each other no more."

Dr. Holmes found warm friends all over the United States, who delighted to do him honor. At one time, the Bohemian Club, while celebrating a festal evening in San Francisco, chose Dr. Holmes to membership and so telegraphed to him. The message reached Boston late at night and no reply was expected. However, before the club adjourned, the messenger boy brought the following despatch: —

> " Message to San Francisco: Whisper low,
> Asleep in bed an hour or more ago,
> While on his peaceful pillow he reclines,
> Say to his friend who sent these loving lines,

Silent, unanswering still to friendship true,
He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you."

Dr. Holmes's popularity made him a favorite as a lecturer, but lecturing was not particularly pleasant to him. In 1856 he thus announced his terms: "My terms when I stay over night are fifteen dollars and expenses, a room with a fire in it in a public house, and a mattress to sleep on, not a feather-bed."

The landlady humorously described his pleasant traits. "He was a man," she says, "who loved to stick around home as much as any cat you ever see in your life. He used to say he 'd as lief have a tooth pulled as go anywhere. Always got sick, he said, when he went away, and never sick when he did n't; pretty nigh killed himself in going about lecterin' two or three winters. Talkin' in cold country lyceums, as he used to say; goin' home to cold parlors and bein' treated to cold apples and cold water, and then goin' up into a cold bed in a cold chamber and comin' home next morning with a cold in his head as bad as a horse distemper.

"Then he 'd look kind of sorry for havin' said it, and tell how kind some of the good women was to him. How one spread an eiderdown comforter for him, and another fixed up somethin' hot for him just after the lecter and another one said, 'There now, you smoke that cigar of yours after the lecter just as if you was at home'; and if they 'd all been like that he'd have gone on lecterin' forever.

"As it was he got pooty nigh enough of it and preferred nateral death to puttin' himself out of the world by such violent means as lecterin'."

He was always sincere in his utterances, and once, when a man of no great note died, his friends tried to get Dr. Holmes to say a few kind words about the deceased, which might be published. But he declined. "Do you see," he said, "they want to engage me in the embalming business, but I cannot help to preserve this fly in amber."

As Dr. Holmes advanced in life his verses correspondingly expressed the feelings of his years. In "The Iron Gate" he says, on his seventieth birthday (August 29, 1879), —

> "Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,
> Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
> Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers,
> That warm its creeping life-blood till the last."

Thus he wrote at the close of 1879, yet in 1886 he made with his daughter a trip to Europe, where he met with something like a royal reception, and the record of his journey appears in the volume "Our Hundred Days in Europe."

He was strongly attached to his native land, and had a pride in the race from which he sprang. He had a sunny temperament; he lived to a good old age, and died suddenly, while talking with his son at his home in Boston, at the age of eighty-five.

As he grew old he missed the companions who, one

after another, passed away. At eighty-two he writes to Whittier: "We are lonely, very lonely in these last years. . . . We were on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. A whole generation passed, and the succeeding one found us in the cabin with a goodly number of coevals. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft pieced together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted, and you and I are left, clinging to the solitary spar which is all that still remains afloat of the sunken vessel."

Another poet has written: "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." In such hearts is the remembrance of Dr. Holmes still kept alive. A tree is known by its fruits, and it has been the purpose of the writer to pluck from the gathered harvests of this author such fruits as indicate the quality of his mind and character.

While we have not had the pleasure of looking into his blue-gray eye or receiving the hearty grasp of his hand, it is a pleasure to find the record of his life so carefully kept and handed down, and his thoughts so carefully preserved for recreation and delight by our firesides.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803–1882

Concord was the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson between the years 1835 and 1882, the time of his death. This place is renowned for the heroic fight made here by the colonists at the old North Bridge, on the morning following the night ride of Paul Revere from Boston through Lexington and adjoining towns.

At one end of the bridge crossing the Concord River stands the statue of the Minute Man grasping with his right hand a flintlock, while his left holds the plough. The inscription on the monument is taken from Emerson's poem: —

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

In the centre of the town Wright's Tavern, built in 1747, still stands; here Major Pitcairn made his famous boast while stirring his toddy previous to the fight on the April morning, that "before the day was over he would stir the blood of the d—— d Yankee rebels." The Jones house, built in 1744, still shows the bullet-hole made by the British in their attack upon the town. Near by stands the Old Manse, where

Hawthorne wrote his tales. Henry Thoreau, Louisa May Alcott, Amos Bronson Alcott, and Judge E. Rockwood Hoar lived near the home of Emerson. Here still lives the noted correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn.

The town has retained its primitive condition to a great extent; it is still under the government of a board of selectmen chosen in an annual town meeting, as in former days.

It will readily occur to the stranger visiting this quiet town, adorned with beautiful shade-trees and wide streets, that its quiet beauty and distance from busy city life well adapt it for the home of the famous authors who have lived and died there.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, being the third of a family of eight children. He was the son of Reverend William Emerson and Ruth Haskins Emerson. It is said that Ralph Waldo had a minister for an ancestor in every generation for eight generations, either on the paternal or maternal side. His father died when he was eight years old, and careful economy was required in order to bring up the family and educate the children properly.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Emerson removed to a house on Beacon Street, where the Athenæum now stands; she kept some boarders, among them Lemuel Shaw, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this state. The poverty of the family was such that young Emerson had to endure the rail-

leries of his companions, who, knowing that the Emerson brothers had but one overcoat between them, asked them ironically, "Whose turn is it to wear the coat?"

The Emerson home was but a short distance from Boston Common, and Waldo and Charles used to drive their mother's cow there to pasture.

Emerson was fitted for college at the public schools of Boston, entered Harvard College at the age of fourteen, and graduated when eighteen. While in college he won a Bowdoin prize for a dissertation on "The Character of Socrates," also a Boylston prize of five dollars for declamation, which he sent home, hoping his mother would buy a shawl with it; but he found on his next visit home that it had been used to pay the baker.

He was chosen Class Poet while in college. Twenty-five years later, in 1866, he received from Harvard University the highest honor in its gift, — the degree of Doctor of Laws.

For five years after leaving college, in 1821, he taught school. In 1826 he was "approbated" to preach, and in 1829 was ordained as a colleague to Reverend Henry Ware of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. In 1832 he resigned his charge, much to the regret of his parishioners, having announced his unwillingness longer to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There is, I think, but one sermon of his that has been published, and that

is the one delivered when he gave up his pastoral charge and left the pulpit to appear before the public as a lecturer. In this sermon he stated that, having given particular attention to the subject, he was led to the conclusion that Jesus did not intend to establish an institution for perpetual observance when he ate the Passover with his disciples, and further that it is not expedient to celebrate it as we do. In conclusion he stated that it was his desire, "in the office of a Christian minister to do nothing which he could not do with his whole heart"; and having said this, he added: "I have said all, I am only stating my want of sympathy with it. Neither should I ever have obtruded this opinion upon other people had I not been called by my office to administer it. I am content that it stand to the end of the world if it please men and please Heaven, and I shall rejoice in the good it produces. As it is the prevailing opinion and feeling in our religious community that it is an indispensable part in the pastoral office to administer this ordinance, I am about to resign into your hands that office which you have confided to me."

While the writer does not admit the soundness of the arguments advanced, or the wisdom of the decision reached, by Mr. Emerson in this sermon, I must concede that his action was taken conscientiously and with a firm belief that it was his duty to resign his charge as pastor. His resignation was received by his parishioners with much regret, and his son states

that one lady approached the pastor at the close of the sermon and sorrowfully said to him: "You have taken away my Lord, and I know not where you have laid him."

One entry in his journal of the Sabbath reads: "The Sabbath is my best debt to the past and binds me to some gratitude still. It brings me that frankincense out of a sacred antiquity."

President Charles W. Eliot stated that the essence of Emerson's teaching concerning man's nature is compressed into the famous verse, —

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

In December, 1832, he sailed for Europe, where he remained nearly a year. On his return he entered the field as a lecturer, and subsequently made repeated lecturing tours in New England and the Western States.

In 1835 he took up his residence in Concord, and in 1836 published his work on "Nature." This work received sharp criticism, and it took twelve years to sell five hundred copies. "Transcendentalism" was the name by which his various addresses and lectures were stigmatized, and their tendency was to produce a reaction against formalism and tradition. Between 1841 and 1869 he published and delivered many lectures and poems. One writer calls his poems "the

most impressive part of Emerson's bequest to literature"; says that he felt as a poet and worked as an artist, and by that rare and perfect combination mounts to his commanding place in American literature. In his poem "Each and All," he writes: —

"I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn in the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky; —
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor unsightly noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar."

I think we have all had this experience as we carefully picked up beautiful shells and brought them home, only to be packed away in some cupboard or attic, their charms having departed, when separated from their ocean home.

Emerson told a friend that he liked his poems best because it was not he who wrote them; because he could not write them by will; he could say: "I will write an essay"; and, he added, "I can breathe at any time, but I can only whistle when the right pucker comes."

"Nature symbolizes the soul, for behind both are the great laws. And the poet affirms the laws; prose busies itself with exceptions, with the local and individual. The senses imprison us. It cost thousands of years to make the motion of the earth suspected. Slowly by comparing thousands of observations there dawned on some mind a theory of the Sun, and we found the astronomical fact. But the astronomy is in the mind. The senses affirm that the earth stands still and the Sun moves."

By reading the law behind seeming fact, the poet cheers and points the way when it seems dark, as the guide who takes his course by the stars when the road winds and baffles him. Seeing the beauty and harmony of the universe and that our great solid earth is but a transient note in it, our ideas are freed and we can look on death more calmly, surmising that "the noble house of Nature which we inhabit has temporary uses and that we can afford to leave it one day, as great conquerors have burned their ships when once landed on the wished-for shore."

All through his life Emerson kept a journal. On the first leaf of his journal for 1837 he wrote: "This book is my savings bank. I grow rich because I have somewhere to deposit my earnings; and fractions are worth more to me because corresponding fractions are waiting here that shall be made integers by their additions."

He was fond of taking long walks daily, meditat-

ing as he walked; and on his return to his study he wrote down his thoughts. He said, "When you have worn out your shoes you will find the strength of the sole leather has gone into the fibre of your body." Warmth, water, wild air, and walking were his medicines.

He sometimes took his note-book with him, but more often recorded the thought on his return; even in winter storms he was no stranger to the woods, and liked to walk alone at night for the inspiration he found in the stars.

In a letter to his wife just before moving, telling why he preferred to live in Concord rather than Plymouth, as she had hoped, he says: "Wherever I go, therefore, I guard and study my rambling propensities with a care that is ridiculous to people, but to me is the care of my high calling."

In 1857 after a happy walk with Thoreau, he wrote in his journal: —

"I thought that to Nero advertising for a new pleasure, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'T is one of the secrets for dodging old age."

In a passage headed "To the Woods" he says: —

"Whoso goeth in your paths readeth the same cheerful lesson whether he be a young child or a hundred years old. Comes he in good fortune or in bad, ye say the same things and from age to age; ever the needles of the pine grow and fall, the acorns on the oak; the maples redden in autumn, and at all times of the year

the ground-pine and pyrola bud and root under foot. What is called fortune and what is called time by men ye know them not.

"Men have not language to describe one moment of your life. When ye shall give me somewhat to say, give me also the time wherein to say it. Give me a tune like your winds, brooks or birds, for the songs of men grow old when they are repeated; but yours, though a man has heard them for seventy years, are never the same, but always new, like Time itself or like love."

When from his car window he saw the woods, he said, "When I pass them on the way to the city how they reproach me!"

He admired the simplicity and fortitude of the Massachusetts farmer's life in those days, and saw and recorded the stern rustic conditions. "The farmer gets two hundred dollars while the merchant gets two thousand dollars. But the farmer's two hundred is far safer and is more likely to remain with him. It was heavy to lift from the soil, but it was for that reason more carefully bestowed and will stay where it was put, so that the two seem to turn out at last to be equivalent."

An extract from his journal reads: "I like people who can do things. When Edward and I struggled in vain to drag our big calf into the barn, the Irish girl put her fingers in the calf's mouth and led her in directly."

In a letter to Carlyle, dated May 10, 1838, he says: "I occupy or improve, as we Yankees say, two acres of God's earth; on which is my house, my kitchen-garden, my orchard of 30 young trees, my empty barn. Besides my house, I have $22,000, whose income in ordinary years is 6 per cent, besides income of winter lectures $800. Well, with this income here at home I am a rich man."

In his journal he answers some caviler who said: "Your pears cost you more than mine which I buy." —"Yes, they are costly, but we all have expensive vices: you play at billiards, I at pears."

His fondness for home and country life is thoughtfully recorded in his poem written after a long ocean voyage: —

"Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home."

. . . . . .

"O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the Sophist Schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

The contentment shown by Emerson's letter to Carlyle and in the poem just quoted has led me to note the contrast suggested by Andrew Carnegie in his book, "The Problems of To-day," in which he says that "wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness, and that the never-to-be forgotten

truth is, that huge fortunes, so far as their owners are concerned, are as useless as the Star and Garter are to their possessors, and not so ornamental; and this truth, above all, that these fortunes cannot give their owners more out of life worth having than is secured by a competence so modest that men beginning as workers can, with health, ability and sobriety, win for old age."

Emerson has been a great educator of the people, and in his lectures he endeavored to instruct rather than amuse his audiences, and they were at times small as well as large. He told Charles Mackay once, who said that he had only thirty at a lecture, that he lectured once at Montreal where he had only seven persons present.

He was uneasy at seeing the multitude of books for young people which had begun to appear, and which prevented their reading the standard authors. He required his son to read two pages of Plutarch's Lives every school day and ten pages on Saturdays and in vacation. I think if we paid more attention to Emerson's three practical rules, our reading would be more profitable for us.

First: Never read any book that is not a year old.

Second: Never read any but famed books.

Third: Never read any but what you like; or in Shakespeare's phrase, —

> "No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en.
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

He thought that the present age needed books to awaken the imagination and that novels were a good tonic for men who are ever lapsing into a beggarly habit where everything that is not ciphering is hustled out of sight.

The elaborate organization of athletic sports, as at present developed in our schools and colleges, was not seen in Emerson's day, but we find Emerson giving sound reasons for their maintenance.

"Your boy," he says, "hates the grammar and gradus, and loves guns, fishing-rods, horses, and boats. Well, the boy is right and you are not fit to direct his bringing-up, if your theory leaves out his gymnastic training. Football, cricket, archery, swimming, skating, climbing, fencing, riding are lessons in the art of power, which it is his main business to learn. Besides, the gun, fishing-rod, boat, and horse constitute, among all who use them, secret free-masonries." Can a completer justification of athletic sports be given than that?

He pithily said as he spoke of personal work, "Every man's task is his life-preserver." "The King's Servant is the King himself" is a motto, quoted from the Persian, that was a favorite with him; also the Latin verse: —

> "At mihi succurrit, pro Ganymede manus."
> (My own right hand my cup-bearer shall be.)

From boyhood to age he was as independent as might be of service from others, but was thoughtful

of their needs. He much admired Napoleon for his advice to Mrs. Balcombe when on a rugged path at St. Helena they met porters with heavy burdens, whom she ordered to stand aside. Napoleon drew her back, saying, "Respect the burden, madam."

He taught that if we hope to reform men we must begin at school. In city and state and nation we have been carrying on this system. We have advocated this in Cuba; have sent teachers to the Philippines, and sought to redeem the South by schools.

He taught that concentration was the one prudence of life; the one evil, dissipation. He said, "You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can and drop all the rest." The reason that he gives for this is that only by concentration can the youth arrive at the stage of doing something with his knowledge, or get beyond the stage of absorbing and arrive at the capacity for producing.

He taught that nature arms each man with some faculty, large or small, which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other, and this makes him necessary to society, and this faculty should determine the man's career.

The education of man by manual labor was a favorite doctrine with Emerson. He also insists that true culture must open to the sense of beauty, and that "a man is a beggar who only lives to be useful." He did not accept the conclusion advanced that the press had in a large measure stripped eloquence of its former

influence, and he taught that if there was a country where eloquence was a power, it was the United States. His definition of eloquence is simple: "Know your fact; hug your fact; for the essential thing is heat, and heat comes of sincerity. Speak what you do know and believe, and are personally in it, and are answerable for every word. Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak."

The spirit and substance of Emerson's teaching are expressed in the following words, spoken to the literary societies of Dartmouth College, which George William Curtis declared touched the highest mark of American eloquence.

"You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name.

" 'What is this truth you seek?' 'What is this Beauty?' men will ask with derision. If nevertheless God has called any of you to explore truth and beauty be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I; I renounce (I am sorry for it) my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you. Then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect.

"Why should you renounce your right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth, for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn?

"Truth also has its roof, and bed and board. Make yourself necessary to the world, and mankind will give you bread, and if not store of it, yet such as shall not take away your property in all men's possessions, in art, in nature, and in hope."

Luxury had hardly been developed in Emerson's day, but he foresaw its coming, and entered his protest against it. We spend our incomes for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, we know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake we run in debt; it is not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship that costs us so much. He says, "I think I see the place and duties for a nobleman in every society; but it is not to drink wine and ride in a coach, but to guide and adorn life for the multitude by forethought, by elegant studies, by perseverance, self-devotion, and the remembrance of the humble old friend; by making his life secretly beautiful."

The story is told that one of the old presidents of Harvard College (Mr. John Thornton Kirkland) used to throw his sermons into a barrel, where they went to pieces and got mixed up, and that when he was going to preach, he fished out what he thought would be about enough for a sermon and patched the leaves together as he best might. Mr. Cabot, who

knew all Emerson's literary habits, says he used to fish out the number of leaves he wanted for a lecture in somewhat the same way.

When Emerson visited England, he met Wordsworth, Carlyle, George Eliot, and other noted authors. Carlyle was much disturbed because Emerson did not agree with him in a devil, and to convert him took him among all the horrors of London, the gin-shops, etc., and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, "Do you believe in a devil noo?"

George Eliot mentions meeting Emerson, and in her letter to Mrs. Hennell in July, 1848, she writes: "I have seen Emerson — the first man I have ever seen." That she had a great admiration for his works is shown by her letter of August 27, 1860, written to the same Mrs. Hennell, in which she states: "I have been reading this morning for my spiritual good Emerson's 'Man the Reformer,' which comes to me with fresh beauty and meaning; my heart goes out with venerating gratitude to that mild face, which I dare say is smiling on some one as beneficently as it did on me years and years ago."

The lecture she refers to is one of inspiration delivered in Boston, in 1841, before the Mechanics' Apprentices Library Association, on the benefits of manual labor. He said: "We must have an antagonism to the tough world for all the variety of our spiritual faculties or they will not be born. Manual labor

is the study of the Eternal World. The advantages of riches remains with him who procured them, not with the heir. The whole interest of history lies in the fortunes of the poor. Knowledge, Virtue, Power are the victories of Man over his necessities, his march to the dominion of the world. In general we may say that the husbandman is of the oldest and most universal profession, and that where a man does not yet discover in himself any fitness for one work more than another, this is to be preferred."

The doctrine of the farm Emerson says is this: that every man ought to stand in primary relation with the work of the world, and ought to do it himself and not suffer the accident of his having a purse in his pocket or his having been bred to some dishonorable or injurious craft, to sever him from those duties; and for this reason: that "Labor is God's education; that he only is a sincere learner, he only can become a Master, who learns the secrets of labor, and who, by real cunning, extracts from nature its sceptre."

"Our age and history for these thousand years has not been the history of kindness but of selfishness. We complain that the policies of masses of the people are controlled by designing men and led in opposition to manifest justice and the common weal and to their own interest. But the people do not wish to be represented or ruled by the ignorant and base.

"They only vote for these, because they were asked with the voice and semblance of kindness. They will

not vote for them long, they inevitably prefer wit and probity; to use an Egyptian metaphor, it is not their will for any long time to 'raise the nails of wild beasts and to depress the heads of the sacred birds.' Let an affection flow out to our fellows; it would work in a day the greatest of revolutions. It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind.

"Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies, and lines of defense would be suspended by this unarmed child.

"With love he joins prudence, a sublime prudence which is the very highest that we know of man, which, believing in a vast future, sure of more to come than is yet seen, postpones always the present hour to the whole life; postpones talent to genius and special results to character."

Between 1841 and 1869 Emerson delivered and published many lectures and poems. He rests on his intuitions. He ignores European traditions and methods and draws his habitual illustrations from American society and manners. His statements at times lack system, but, to adopt Ben Jonson's phrase, his words "are rammed with thought," and Mr. Higginson says that neither Greek precision nor Roman vigor could produce a phrase that Emerson could not match.

The editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript* at one time published extracts from Emerson's writings and made comments that were critical and not flattering. Some time after he saw Emerson in the bookstore of Philips, Sampson and Company, and asked Mr. Philips to give him an introduction. Mr. Philips approached Emerson with this request, to which he replied: "Mr. Epes Sargent of the *Evening Transcript?* I have nothing for Mr. Sargent and Mr. Sargent has nothing for me." Nothing more was to be said, and Mr. Sargent was told that his desired introduction was declined.

To Mr. Henry Ware he wrote regarding their difference of opinion: "I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done; glad when you speak my thought, and skipping the page that has nothing for me."

In a conversation which J. T. Trowbridge had with Emerson as to Amos Bronson Alcott he said: "Alcott is wise, but he cannot always command his wisdom. He has precious goods on his shelves, but he has no show-windows."

Emerson's discourses were as a rule far above the comprehension of the common multitude. He was not renowned so much for being a good speaker as for being a good writer. He made no attempts to amuse, but on the contrary aimed to instruct his audiences.

His thoughts and expressions are in marked con-

trast to the speaker referred to by Lincoln, who could "compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man he ever met."

Emerson enjoyed wit at his own expense, and Dr. Edward W. Emerson, his son, said that he never failed to be completely overcome with laughter if any one recited the imitation of his poem, "Brahma," the first verse of which is: —

> "If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again."

The parody reads: —

> "If the gray tom-cat thinks he sings,
> Or if the song think it be sung,
> He little knows who boot-jack flings,
> How many bricks at him I've flung."

He was greatly interested in the prosperity of the United States. At a meeting between Carlyle and Emerson at Stonehenge, Carlyle challenged Emerson to define the American Idea. In reply Emerson unfolded his dream of the coming brotherhood of man, and said of America: "There in that great sloven continent, in high Alleghany pastures, in the sea-wide, sky-skirted prairie, still sleeps and hides the great mother long since driven away from the trim hedgerows and over-cultivated garden of England. Here is the home of man, here is the promise of a more excellent social state than history has recorded."

The tariff has been a great national question always with us, and upon this subject he had a decided opinion, and notwithstanding the strings of facts that seem to prove the wisdom of tariffs, his faith was in the freedom of trade. "If the Creator has made oranges, coffee, and pineapples in Cuba and refused them to Massachusetts," he said, "I cannot see why we should put a fine on the Cubans for bringing them to us, a fine so heavy as to enable Massachusetts men to build costly palm-houses and glass conservatories under which to coax these poor plants to ripen under our hard skies and thus discourage the poor planter from sending them to gladden the many cottagers here. We punish the planters there and punish the consumer here for adding these benefits to life. Tax opiums, tax brandy, gin, wine, hasheesh, tobacco, and whatever articles of pure luxury, but not healthy and delicious food."

In 1857 the *Atlantic Monthly* was started in Boston, and to it Emerson contributed several articles. It was about this time that the Saturday Club was formed, its members dining together on the last Saturday of every month at Parker's in Boston. Emerson took great pleasure in these meetings, where he met Agassiz, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Norton, Hawthorne, Judge Hoar, Governor Andrew, Senator Sumner, Elliot Cabot, John M. Forbes, and other friends.

The Social Circle was another club with which he

was connected, which held its meetings in Concord; consisting of twenty-five of the citizens of different professions. The members met on Tuesday evenings for gossip and mutual conference in a small building called the School of Philosophy.

When sixty-three years old, he read to his son Edward the poem "Terminus," commencing —

> "It is time to be old,
> To take in sail," —

and concluding, —

> "As the bird trims her to the gale
> I trim myself to the storm of time,
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime:
> Lowly faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed."

In his latest days his voice failed him for lecturing, and still later and more entirely his memory of words. While at Longfellow's funeral, having taken a look at his friend, he spoke of him as "our dear friend, whose name at this moment I cannot recall."

He contracted acute pneumonia during exposure to the inclement weather at the grave, and soon followed Longfellow to the other world. He died April 27, 1882, one month before his eightieth birthday.

The rough unpolished boulder marks his last resting place in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, with this inscription taken from one of his poems: —

"The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

Emerson's life was quiet, simple, and unpretending. He was a zealous worker, an accomplished scholar, a lover of truth and beauty, and an admirer of Nature. His words and works are sources of wisdom, to which the scholars of this and coming generations will gladly turn for guidance, inspiration, and intellectual enjoyment.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

1757–1804

A NOTED orator, in speaking of prominent men who were conspicuous in the early history of America, remarked that Washington in the present time to most people was only a steel engraving. Had he said anything of Hamilton he would probably, from his standpoint, have called him a faded daguerreotype. We live in an age of action. The hurry and intense excitement of the world about us so absorb our thoughts and attention that we find but little time to study the past history of our country.

Each day brings something new; the living present crowds out thoughts of the past. We become so interested in watching each day's discussions in Congress, the busy life in city, state, and nation, the enactment and the results attending the execution of many different laws in their effect upon the diverse industries of our country, that the formation of our government, the deliberations and difficulties which confronted its founders, are forgotten.

This seeming forgetfulness of past men and early history which the orator noted as so characteristic of Americans, is a strong reason why we should often turn back and carefully review past history, studying the characters and lives of the early statesmen of

this republic to whom we owe such a debt of gratitude for leaving to us this noble heritage. While financial problems are being discussed in this country, it seems the proper time to speak of the public life of one of its earliest and greatest statesmen, who originated the sound financial policy which this government now possesses.

Alexander Hamilton's career was not a lengthy one: forty-seven years measured the span of his life, which commenced in the West Indies in 1757, and ended in 1804. Twenty of these years were spent in the public service. The circumstances of young Hamilton's life were such that with limited schooling he was compelled to enter a counting-house at Vera Cruz at twelve. At fourteen we find him entrusted with the entire charge of the business while his employer was absent on a visit to the United States. In early days he was studious as well as diligent. Pope, and Plutarch's Lives, were favorite books of his youth, and from the virtues of noble Roman characters he gained impulses that affected his subsequent career. Thoroughness in study was a characteristic trait of his life and close attention to details was ever prominent in all matters brought to his consideration. Speaking in later years to an intimate friend of his methods of study, he said: "Men give me some credit for genius; all the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings, my

mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

He early exhibited a high order of intelligence and mental acuteness, and in his boyhood, when a severe tornado swept over the islands, carrying ruin and destruction in its course, the young clerk wrote such a vivid description of the huricane as to cause active inquiries to be made for the author. Kind friends volunteered assistance to aid him in securing the education he so much desired to obtain. He was sent to the United States. After preparing for college, he completed the entire course in three years and graduated from Columbia College, meanwhile contributing many forcible arguments to the public press, in defense of the colonists in their resistance of the oppressive acts of Great Britain. He not only encouraged others to make resistance but zealously applied himself to the study of military tactics and took an active part in different battles in the defense of his country. At the siege of Yorktown he led in the attack and capture of one of the British outworks. When the war closed, he turned his attention to the study of law, and with such diligence did he apply himself, that he was admitted to the bar after four months' study. Next we find him a member of the New York Legislature, then a delegate to the Continental Congress, where he remained one year and returned to the practice of law in New York.

It was a favorable time for Hamilton, as the legislature of New York had passed a law disqualifying from practice all attorneys who could not produce satisfactory certificates of attachment to Whig principles. This necessarily debarred from practice most of the old city lawyers, who were Tories. He distinguished himself in an early case, in which a poor widow brought suit against a rich English merchant who had occupied her property under the authority of the British Commander, Sir Henry Clinton. By New York law she was entitled to rent for such occupancy. By the treaty of peace made by the colonies with Great Britain amnesty had been agreed upon for all acts done during the war by military orders. The question at once arose which should control, the acts of Congress or the acts of a state legislature. The unpopular side was taken by Hamilton, who successfully claimed that the English merchant was not held to pay anything to the widow for the use of her property; the judge decided that "no state in this union can alter or abridge in a single point the federal articles of the treaty." The populace were exasperated at the judge for his decision, which deprived the widow of her rent, and the enmity and bitter feeling towards Great Britain made the common people care more for the enforcement of their state law than the support of the public treaty. The state legislation was appealed to, and that body decreed that the court's decision was subversive of all law and order

and that thereafter only such men should be appointed as judges who would administer the laws fearlessly, intelligently, and justly. This instance exhibits the jealousy early shown by the State lest its rights should be superseded by the Federation.

The limits allowed will enable us to speak of but one other case in which Hamilton appeared, and the impressive argument he made in that case induced Chancellor Kent to affirm that it was "the greatest forensic effort Hamilton ever made." A prosecution for libel had been directed against Henry Croswell, a Federalist, editor of a small local journal, the libelous statement being to the effect that Jefferson had paid one Callender to slander Washington and Adams. Hamilton was unable to appear when the case was first brought to trial; Croswell's counsel asked for time to get witnesses from Virginia to testify as to the truth of the libel; but Judge Lewis held that the jury were judges only of the fact, and not of the truth or intent of the publication. Hamilton was subsequently called into the case to argue the motion for a new trial on the ground of misdirection by the judge. The case was ably argued by Hamilton before the Supreme Court at Albany. The court-room was crowded and public interest was so great in the argument that the legislature could not obtain a quorum. Hamilton's argument occupied six hours. The view maintained by Hamilton is that which at present is the law of this and other states, providing that in a

prosecution for writing or publishing a libel the defendant may give in evidence in his defense upon the trial the truth of the matter contained in the publication charged as libelous, and such evidence shall be deemed a sufficient justification unless malicious intention is proved.

His learned and skillful efforts in this and in other cases placed him in the first rank among lawyers, but it is rather as a statesman and financier that he has gained his greatest renown. The separation of the colonies from Great Britain found the American people with no settled plan of future government. The importance of right and decisive action was well set forth by Hamilton in one of the public appeals made through the press at this time under the name of "Phocion": —

"Those who are at present intrusted with power in all these infant republics hold the most sacred deposit that ever was confided to human hands. It is with governments as with individuals; first impressions and early habits give a lasting bias to the temper and character. Our governments hitherto have no habits. How important to the happiness, not of America alone, but of mankind, that they should acquire good ones; if we set out with justice, moderation, liberality, and a scrupulous regard to the Constitution, the government will acquire a spirit and tone productive of permanent blessings to the community."

Opinions differed as to the best method of proceed-

ing in the organization of this government. One party favored the sovereignty of the states, the other advocated a union of the different states called the Federal Government, with powers to make the several states subservient to the union. For several years the thirteen states attempted to keep up separate and independent governments, under an agreement with each other which should give to their subjects the greatest amount of liberty without giving up to any central power control of the affairs of the states themselves. As a result, anarchy, disorder, and confusion followed. The delegates sent by each state to confer as to the best interests of all the states could confer and recommend, but had no power to enforce any decrees or to collect the necessary revenue for the maintenance of order or protection of their common interests.

Hamilton had carefully studied the history of other nations, as his writings in the "Federalist," to which he contributed, show, sixty-three of the eighty-five articles having been contributed by him. He ascribed the fall of the Grecian republics and the decay of the Roman power to certain failures which he sought to remedy in the proposed government; and the first and greatest need he felt to be that of a central power which should not only decree but should control and enforce its decree against any and all the states, should any attempt resistance. The situation was sometimes portrayed as similar to that of an old man

and his wife who with their thirteen sons had landed in this country and built a large house which sheltered all under one roof; as the boys grew up they left the old home and built cabins for themselves; but troubles followed; one had his crops destroyed, another had his sheep stolen, another had his flocks swept off by a flood, while a tempest unroofed the house of the fourth, and as a result all found that their separate independence did not bring as good results as when they unitedly stood by the old home, and they asked to return to it again. Hamilton maintained that only by yielding supreme control to a government that was central and superior to the states themselves would the union of states be complete and lasting.

Jefferson was the leading spirit of the opposition, who claimed that Hamilton's plans were disastrous to liberty; that the colonies had been struggling to escape from monarchial power, and that now there was danger lest they should only exchange their allegiance from the king of Great Britain to a power in America which might prove as oppressive as the power they had just overcome. He had no fears of popular outbreaks or resistance of a central power. To him Shays's insurrection in Massachusetts seemed a commendable occurrence; he said, "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. An observation of this truth should render honest republican governors so mild in their punishment of rebellions as not to discourage

them too much; it is a medicine necessary for the sound health of the government." He also said that his "general plan would be to make the states one as to everything connected with foreign nations and several as to everything purely domestic." His strong maintenance of individual rights made him the leader of the Democratic-Republican party as it was then called, while Hamilton was the leader of the Federal party. Hamilton's arguments in support of a central government formed by the states, yielding to it the power of declaring war, collecting revenue, and drafting an army, prevailed, and after much debate, many conferences and long delays, the Constitution of the United States was adopted.

The different articles of the Constitution had been carefully considered, the rights of the states and the needs of the individuals were studiously contemplated, but only by concessions and compromise was the work finally accepted. Hamilton was renowned as an organizer, and Adams said of him: "Hamilton was the greatest organist that ever played upon a caucus." His course was conciliatory amid disputing factions. The system was not wholly in accordance with his ideal, but he labored to secure the best government which the situation, habits, and opinions of the country would permit. In one of his papers read to the assembly of delegates at Philadelphia, he recommended that the President and members of the Senate should hold their offices during

good behavior. He was an admirer of the stability of the British government and sought to introduce its excellencies into the American Constitution. His recommendations caused his enemies to accuse him unjustly of attempting to form a monarchy. This, however, was not his purpose, and was contrary to his written declaration on the subject. He feared the results of giving too much power into the hands of the common people, too often influenced by selfishness, corruption, and passion. The present condition of our great cities is a strong argument to prove that Hamilton's fears were not unfounded as to intrusting political power to people lacking in experience and intelligence.

It was the conservative and steady policy of Hamilton that prevented the radical propositions of Jefferson from effecting disastrous results to the proposed union. The planetary system depends for its stability upon the ever-restraining power of gravitation exerted by a central sun. The individual planets, following without restraint the centrifugal force of their nature, would fly off into space to utter destruction. But influenced as they are by a never-ceasing power which continually swerves and holds them in check, they glide on their unceasing courses without conflict or confusion. In like manner the diverse and opposing forces found in our system of government have under skillful arrangement been made to work in harmony together. Under Hamilton's aid and ad-

vice such checks and counter-checks have been established in the Constitution that, like a balance-wheel or central sun, our government has been preserved from sudden overthrowal and destruction by the conflicts of a party or the passion of the populace. We live amid a continued conflict between ignorance and intelligence. Yet may it not be said in behalf of our present system, conferring so much power upon the democracy, that it brings greater personal responsibility and freedom to each individual? By restricting suffrage we might have better laws, but not a better people; the present system compels the state for self-preservation to educate and instruct all the people, to fit them for the duties of self-government.

Hamilton expected that Washington's administration would so conciliate and win the confidence of the people that the unity of the whole country would grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. In this hope he was not mistaken. As soon as the people began to discuss plans for the formation of the government, two parties began to crystallize and gather congenial elements together.

Washington in the formation of his cabinet included representatives of both sides. Hamilton, then thirty-two years of age, represented the Federalists, and was nominated as Secretary of the Treasury, while Jefferson, the Secretary of State, was known as a Democratic leader. General Knox, as Secretary of War, sided with Hamilton, and Randolph,

the Attorney-General, followed Jefferson. The Cabinet meetings were stormy, the discussions lengthy and vindictive, and as to their fervor we have Jefferson's statement that "Hamilton and myself were daily pitted in the Cabinet like two fighting cocks."

Washington made no mistake in his choice of Hamilton as his principal adviser, and depended upon his counsel continually. Hamilton's first official act was to recommend the payment of the foreign and domestic war-debt; the assumption by the nation of a large portion of the war-debt incurred by the states, as it was incurred by them for the benefit of the nation. For an impoverished people to assume a debt of $75,000,000 seemed at that time almost impossible, and the proposal excited great hostility in Congress. It seemed difficult to raise money enough to meet even current expenses. But Hamilton's proposition was no idle scheme. He had thoroughly studied the resources which this country was able to furnish. He knew that upon assuming the debt provision must be made to meet its payment; and in rapid succession followed those great state papers advocating the levying of duties on foreign wines, spirits, and coffee, and on domestic productions,— high taxes on luxuries and low duties on the necessities of life. In taxation Hamilton favored specific rather than *ad valorem* duties; he sought to exclude arbitrary valuations in taxation; his first purpose was to substitute a mode by which each individual might himself estimate the amount

of his taxes without being dependent upon the caprices of another, and to secure as far as possible certainty and equality in taxation. Next he built up American commerce by tonnage-duties; later he recommended the establishment of a national bank to aid in the collection of taxes and transmission of funds from one part of the country to another.

The Bank was established, and on October 25, 1791, Washington in his message congratulated the country as follows: —

"The rapid subscription to the United States Bank, which completed in a single day the sum allowed to be subscribed, is among the striking and pleasing evidences which present themselves not only of confidence in the government but of resources in the community."

Hamilton's plans and methods were continually subject to criticism, and the tongue of slander was not silent in making unjust and cruel charges against him. He was accused of speculating with the public funds, of taking advantage of his official position to help himself and his friends. Henry Lee (who delivered the immortal funeral oration on the death of Washington), having at one time written to him regarding the domestic debt, the probability of its increasing and of the interest accruing being paid in specie, received the following reply: —

" My dear friend, I am sure you would not subject me to an impropriety nor do I know that there would

be any in answering your inquiries; but you must remember the saying in regard to Cæsar's wife. I think the spirit applicable to any man connected with the administration of the finances of the country. With regard to such, mere suspicion is eagle-eyed and the most innocent things may be misapprehended."

He requested General Schuyler, his father-in-law, not to permit his son to speculate in public securities, lest it might be inferred that these speculations were made on information furnished by Hamilton. Notwithstanding his integrity and ability in his great office, his opponents doubted his honesty and heaped calumny upon him in a succeeding administration. When Jefferson was called to the Presidency, as he handed Albert Gallatin his commission, his bitterness toward Hamilton and his suspicion of him were expressed in these words: "Your most important duty, Mr. Gallatin, will be to examine the accounts and all the records of your department, in order to discover the blunders and frauds of Hamilton and to ascertain what changes will be required in the system. This is a most important duty and will require all your industry and acuteness. To do it thoroughly you may employ whatever extra service you may require."

Gallatin was in sympathy with Jefferson and undertook the task carefully, critically, and thoroughly; his honesty, however, would not lead him to misrepresent a rival, and a careful inspection caused the

critic to become an admirer of Hamilton's system. After closing his most thorough examination he said to President Jefferson: "Mr. President, I have, as you directed, made a thorough examination of the books and accounts and correspondence of my department from its commencement, and I have found the most perfect system ever formed. Any change under it would injure it. Hamilton made no blunders, committed no frauds; he did nothing wrong." Noble and impressive words to utter under the circumstances to President Jefferson, who had no faith in Hamilton or his plans, and had pronounced his scheme for funding the debt to be "involved in impenetrable fog."

For six years Hamilton stayed in the Cabinet, and with unceasing labors brought forward different measures to the attention of Congress and the country, necessary to maintain the government and credit of the United States. At one time our strained relations with Great Britain required the appointment of an ambassador to be sent to the Court of St. James. Washington preferred Hamilton, but his active participation in different political measures had aroused a great deal of enmity against him; so that Jay was chosen. The treaty which the latter brought back for the consideration of this government so influenced the people from all parts of the country that passion conquered reason and judgment, and the sentiment expressed in a toast given at a banquet of Frenchmen in this country at the time met with a hearty response:

"The Republic of America: may she never mistake Jay-birds for eagles." A rude transparency was carried by night through the streets of Philadelphia, representing a life-size of Jay holding in his right hand a pair of balances with American liberty and independence in the higher scale and British gold in the lower, while with his left hand he offered a copy of his treaty to senators about him exclaiming: "Come up to my price and I will sell you my country!" Hamilton, while attempting to address the crowd in New York City in support of the treaty, was stoned and struck in the forehead. With perfect coolness he said: "If you use such striking arguments I must retire." The mob would not hear him speak, but they could not stop the publication of his arguments, and under the name of "Camillus" he sent forth to influence the people those letters filled with convincing reasons to sustain the treaty and support the administration.

We have had occasion to speak of the opposition which his plans caused. He rose to public notice and esteem by his noble patriotic utterances and by his voluminous writings in maintenance of a needed public constitution binding the states together in an indissoluble bond. In the early part of his career, under the name of "Phocion," he wrote such forcible articles in supporting the position for the need of a central government restraining individuals and state rights that an association of men formed themselves into a club in which the proposition was made that

each member should stand ready to challenge Hamilton to a duel. If the first member fell, all would challenge him in turn, until they all perished or Hamilton should be killed. Isaac Ledgard, who had written as "Mentor" and had attempted to answer Hamilton, opposed the plan, saying, "This, gentlemen, cannot be. What! you write what you please, and because you cannot refute what he writes in reply, you form a combination to take his life!"

Not all, however, were ruled by such wise counsel as this. A dangerous rival crossed his path when he met Aaron Burr. He was opposed by Hamilton when in 1800 Jefferson was chosen President and he Vice-President, and when in 1804 he sought the office of governor of the state of New York, Hamilton used his influence to prevent his election. Burr ascribed his defeat to Hamilton and sought to rid himself of such a powerful opponent by challenging him to a duel because he had used terms reflecting severely upon his conduct. Hamilton utterly condemned the practice of dueling. It was in his character as a public man that he accepted the challenge. He said to Dr. Mason: "I have found for some time past that my life must be exposed to that man. I went to the field determined not to take his life." He had written the following words on a paper found after his death: "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in these crises of our public affairs which seem likely

to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular." If he declined, public disgrace was threatened; he feared he should become a notorious figure in history, "for scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at." A refusal would bring him into sovereign contempt. His son Philip had only a short time before fallen in a duel fought in vindication of his father's honor, his antagonist having branded his father as a monarchist, attempting to found a monarchy in this country; and should the father waver and fail to vindicate his own honor when challenged by his political rival?

Hamilton was conscientiously opposed to dueling, but felt that his honor and reputation were at stake and therefore accepted the challenge, made his will, and prepared to die. We need not dwell upon the conflict. The villain lived, the hero fell. Sad indeed was the scene at his home during his last hours, when his weeping wife and children gathered about the bed of the dying statesman, but they were not the only mourners. The whole nation lamented his loss. "His virtues plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off." His faults were forgotten while his patriotism shone with brighter lustre as he passed away. On the day of his funeral church-bells rung in muffled tones morning and evening. Business was suspended, and crowds paid their homage to his memory.

Aaron Burr found but little indorsement of his

murderous deed. New York was no place for him, and unnoticed he took his boat and silently stole away from the sight of his angry countrymen, to be heard from later as a traitor and conspirator plotting treason against the nation. Hamilton and Burr had been rivals for many years; by different ways they attained eminent positions in state and nation — Hamilton by a straightforward and honorable manner, Burr by flattery, trickery, and fraud; the latter gained eminence but by methods which cannot stand the light of criticism, while Hamilton's hold upon the nation's heart was won by diligent, honest, and conscientious efforts which have left his fame untarnished. He died with intellect undimmed, with strength undiminished, at the age of forty-seven. Monuments have risen to his memory, but the greatest memorials left to us are the Constitution which Hamilton labored so hard to secure and the financial system which he originated and firmly established in this Republic. What better commendation than the words of Webster: "He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850–1894

Among the writers of fiction whose popularity has steadily increased with knowledge of their lives and works is Robert Louis Stevenson, who was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He was the son of Thomas Stevenson. From his mother, the daughter of Rev. Lewis Balfour, D. D., he inherited a weakness of the chest and a susceptibility to cold which affected the whole course of his life. When a little over two years of age he had a severe attack of croup, and from that time until he was eleven, there was no year in which he was not many days in bed from illness. He writes; "Many winters I never crossed the threshold, but used to lie on my face on the nursery floor chalking or painting in water-colors the pictures in the illustrated newspapers, or sit up in bed with a little shawl pinned about my shoulders. I remember the pleasant maternal caution in regard to my playthings on Sunday. A pack was sewed upon one of the wooden figures, and I was made to promise to play at nothing but Pilgrim's Progress."

He kept up his drawing and painting until he was seventeen, never drawing a picture of anything real before him, but always from fancy. He had for a nurse a very conscientious person named Alison Cun-

ningham, to whom he dedicated his "Child's Garden of Verses." She called cards "the devil's books." Robert remembers praying fervently with her that the participation which his father and mother enjoyed in games of whist might not be visited upon them to their perdition.

His nurse had also a strong dislike for novels and plays, but was unable to create any dislike for them in the mind of the young Robert. One critic thinks that his familiarity with the slaughter of cardboard crews and painted paper pirates in his youth had something to do with the apparent enthusiasm with which he portrayed the criminal and sanguinary conflicts in his books.

Most children take delight in stories of wild beasts, pirates, wild Indians, and giants. Their effect upon Stevenson was doubtless an aid in the development of the imagination and invention which mark his stories of adventure.

His father, a civil engineer, hoped that Robert would choose that profession. For three and one half years he spent the winter and sometimes the summer sessions at the University of Edinburgh, working for a degree in the scientific department and for a qualification as engineer. During the summer season he often played truant, and at the classes of the professor he was, according to his own account, conspicuous for his absence. The story is told that when he applied to a certain professor for a certificate of attendance,

the professor declared that he had never set eyes on him before; this Stevenson had to admit was highly probable, but so ingeniously and winningly did he plead his case that he did not leave without the requisite signature.

To him nature and life outside the university were more interesting than the professor's instruction.

In "Random Memories" he describes Anstruther as a place sacred to the muse; he went there as a young man to gain engineering experience from the building of a breakwater.

"What I gleaned," he says, "I do not know, but indeed I had already my own private determination to be an author. I loved the art of words and the appearances of life, though I haunted the breakwater by day and even loved the place for the sake of the sunshine, the thrilling seaside air, the wash of the waves on the seashore, the green glimmer of the diver's helmet from below, and the musical clinking of the masons; yet my only industry was in the hours when I was not on duty."

He carried about with him a note-book in which he wrote down favorite passages from the authors whose style he admired.

Invalid and weakling as he was physically, he owes his success to perseverance and hard work, or, as he puts it himself, to "elbow-grease."

In his father's department of work he was awarded a silver medal by the Scottish Society of Arts in 1871

for suggested improvements in lighthouses. His university career had two periods: in the first he was heading toward engineering; in the second, with his father's consent, he took up the study of law, and in 1875 was admitted to the bar, but had little success, securing only one case, which brought him a fee of four guineas.

The chief desires of his heart were, first, good health, second, a small competence, and third, friends. He was particularly blessed in the last desire and was readily welcomed as a witty and charming gentleman, a master spirit and man of genius.

He had a fondness for the sea. In August, 1874, he went yachting for a month with Sir Water Simpson and a friend on the west coast of Scotland. He lived a hard, open-air life and throve upon it. His return was characteristically described. "I left my pipes on board the yacht, my umbrella in the dog-cart, and my portmanteau by the way." He reached home without his luggage, in a hat borrowed from one of his friends and a coat belonging to another. With Sir Walter Simpson he took a canoe-trip in Belgium and France which resulted in the publication of his first book, "An Inland Voyage." At the same time he began two serial publications, "The New Arabian Nights" and "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh."

He had a distinctive style, and his writings give one a sense of his frankness and intimacy. There is a personality which attracts the reader. He does not

write as if talking at a distance to the reader from platform or pulpit, but we seem rather to be seated beside him listening to his ripple of talk.

In 1879 he took passage in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic steamer for New York. He talked with many workmen among the steerage passengers, but says they rarely seemed to him to be either willing or careful thinkers. Culture, he says, is not measured by the greatness of the field which is covered by our knowledge, but by the nicety with which we can perceive relations in that field, great or small. The workmen on this steamer he found wanting in this quality or habit of mind. They did not perceive relations, but leaped to a so-called cause, and thought the problem settled. Thus the cause of everything in England was the form of government, and the cure for all evils was by consequence a revolution. The true reasoning of their souls was this: "I have not got on. I ought to have got on. If there was a revolution I should get on." — How? They had no idea. Why? — "Because, because, — well, look at America."

The difference between England and America was put to him by a fellow passenger. "In America," said he, "you get pies and puddings." The bare terms of existence are not the principal thought in the workingman's mind, but delicacies, adornments, and accidental attributes of life, such as pudding to eat and pleasant books and theatres to occupy his leisure.

From New York he made a journey to California

in an emigrant train. His sea-voyage and long journey across the continent to California severely tried his health, and to recuperate he camped out in the mountains beyond Monterey. Here he was taken seriously ill. Fortunately he found two frontiersmen in charge of a goat ranch, who took him under their care and rescued him from death. He had left his native land against the wishes of his people, was poor, lonely, ill, and discouraged, while at Monterey; yet he did not lose heart. He wrote to a friend January 20, "I lead a pretty happy life though you might not think it. I have great fun trying to be economical, which I find as good a game of play as any other. I have no want of occupation, and though I rarely see any one to speak to, have little time to worry."

But though his spirit was indomitable, his physical powers were exhausted. His landlady's child was very ill and he sat up all night attending it. The child recovered, but Stevenson, a short time afterwards, broke down and could not go on. It was a very anxious time for his friends, and he was nearer the "grey ferry," as it seemed, than he had been since childhood.

In San Francisco, on May 19, 1880, he was married to Fanny Van de Grift, who had obtained a divorce from her former husband, Mr. Osborne. She was a character almost as strong, interesting, and romantic as Stevenson himself. She became a stanch companion of all his adventures, and a stimulating critic of his

work, and she aided him greatly. Since his death she has written the preface of many of his books, particularly describing the circumstances under which they were written.

In August, 1880, he sailed with his family for Scotland, but found himself unable to endure the Scottish winter, so he tried the climate of the Alps and in January gives this description of himself: "I dawdle on the balcony, read and write, and have fits of conscience and indigestion. The ingenuous human mind, face to face with something it ought to do, does something else." Of his work he wrote to his mother: "I work away and get nothing or but little done. It is slow, but I sit from four to five hours at it. I have written something like 35,000 words since I have been here, which shows at least I have been industrious."

Later he went to the north of France and settled at St. Marcel; next to Hyères and settled down in a cottage of his own, "with a garden like a fairy story," he says, and "a view like a classical landscape." Here for nine months he found happiness. In the beginning of May he received one hundred pounds for "Treasure Island," his most famous book of adventure. It is like "Robinson Crusoe," written for boys with a boy for its hero. The care he took while writing is shown in "Prince Otto," [1] one chapter of which was written seven times and the eighth time he let it stand.

On a pleasure trip that he made to Nice he con-

[1] Written in 1885. For this work he received £250.

tracted a severe cold which developed into congestion of the lungs. He recovered from this only to be attacked later by a violent and dangerous hemorrhage; unable to speak, he made signs to his wife for a paper and pencil and wrote with a firm hand, "Don't be frightened; if this is death it is an easy one." His recovery was slow and he was obliged to keep absolute silence. His right arm was in a sling on account of the hemorrhage; his wife used to amuse him at times by making up tales, some of which he afterwards used in the "Dynamiter" and in the "Child's Garden of Verses," writing down new verses for himself with his left hand. At this time he wrote his other poems, including the requiem which ten years later was to mark his grave on the lonely hill-top at Samoa. He lived and worked with death continually in mind. In 1884 Mrs. Stevenson wrote to her mother-in-law: "The doctor says, keep him alive till he is forty and then, though a winged bird, he may live till ninety; but between now and forty, he must live as though he were walking on eggs."

When he was thirty-eight years old, in a book of verses written by W. E. Henley, we find his personality aptly described: —

R. L. S.

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face —
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich tinted, mutable as the sea,

The brown eyes radiant with vivacity —
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intent and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist;
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist."

He made a second visit to the United States, but without much benefit, and on June 26, 1887, or 1888, the whole family, including his stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong, her husband and child, sailed from San Francisco on board the steam yacht Casco, under Captain Otis, for the South Sea Islands. In 1890, he bought the property near Apia in the Samoan Islands to which he gave the name of Vailima. He built a rough house, and later a better one, which with additions and improvements grew to quite a mansion, where he kept open house like a feudal lord, and was surrounded by numerous native retainers.

The native Samoans were people after his own heart. In his own establishment he was king and patriarch, and ruled with mild but inexorable justice as a judge in a court of final jurisdiction.

While Stevenson's friend Mataafa, one of the claimants of the throne in Upolū, was imprisoned by the European powers with the chiefs who had sided with him, Stevenson cheered their captivity with numerous presents of tobacco and other comforts such as they

prized. On their release they came to thank him and declared that they must commemorate his kindness by some lasting work; so they decided to make a fine wide road to his house through the bush, a work involving great labor, a task not loved by any Samoan and despised as unworthy of a chief. Despite all this, it was duly finished and opened with a great feast, under the name of "the road of the loving heart." As long as he remained in Samoa he had fortunately marvelous health; but even a visit to Sydney would bring on a relapse. He worked hard, rising early and working till midday. To this period belongs "The Master of Ballantrae," which, although gloomy and repellent as a story, is one of his greatest books for picturesque and narrative power, truth and subtlety of handling. At this time he also wrote "The Wrecker," "St. Ives," and "Weir of Hermiston." Both were left unfinished; the latter was his last work. He considered it one of his best, and he dedicated it to his wife. I quote part of the dedication:—

> "Take thou the writing, thine it is, for who
> Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
> Held still the target higher, chary of praise,
> And prodigal of counsel — who but thou?
> So now, in the end, if this the least be good,
> If any deed be done, if any fire
> Burn in the imperfect page, the praise is thine."

I have given at some length the private history of Stevenson, believing that the trials and discouragements under which he labored would make us more

interested in the man and the books which he has written. He labored under many difficulties and much severe physical disability, so much so that I marvel at his success in his literary undertakings. He had not the facility of Scott, to dash off with ease the different pages of his books; but it was by slow and careful work that he accomplished his task. His stories have no superfluous wanderings or disconnected remarks, as if the writer sought to increase the number of his pages rather than the interest of his readers.

Stevenson's style is noticeable and peculiar; it creates an interest in the writer, and his personality impresses one. He writes his story as if he were telling it to a party of friends, with the added attraction which such personality gives it. He relates incidents with vividness, realism, close connection, and extreme interest. The reader, having commenced one of his stories or histories, does not desire to lay down the book with the close of the chapter, but wishes to continue to the end. He had this admirable standard in mind, which I think all writers and speakers could follow with advantage.

In his own words, the only test of writing that he knew was this: "If there is anywhere a thing said in two sentences that could have been as clearly and engagingly and as forcibly said in one, then it is amateur work"; and the main thing in which he thought his own stories failed was this: "I am always cutting the flesh off their bones." His stories were not "pad-

ded," like those of many novelists, causing the reader hastily to skip over paragraphs and pages to reach the end.

I have spoken of the ill-favored conditions under which his stories were written. In a letter written to Mr. George Meredith, one year before his death, he says, "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long it seems to me I have won my wage and recovered my glove. I am better now and have been, rightly speaking, since I first came to the Pacific, and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on; ill or well is a trifle, so as it goes. I was made for a contest and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be the dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

He concludes his essay "Aes Triplex" with words of courage for those who are cast down by weakness, writing that it is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser, and adding, "When the Greeks made their fine saying that 'those whom the Gods love die young,' I cannot help believing that they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely at whatever age it overtakes the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so

much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spirit-land."

Stevenson took great pains with all of his work. To Mr. Iles he wrote in 1887: "I imagine nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had, but I slugged at it day in and day out: and I frankly believe (thanks to my industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters of the world."

In 1876, he reckoned that his final copy involved ten times the actual quantity of writing. In 1888 the articles for *Scribner's Magazine* were written seven or eight times; for these he received the remuneration of eight thousand a year.

Stevenson was a man interested in his kind; he was charitably inclined, and on one occasion he wrote: "I think the crier up has a good trade; but I like less and less every year the berth of runner down; and I hate to see my friends in it. What is ——'s fault? That he runs down. What is the easiest thing to do? To run down. What is it that a strong man should scorn to do? To run down."

He not only had a deep sympathy for any person in suffering, but disliked to see any person acting with cruelty towards animals. On one occasion he saw a

dog being ill-treated. He at once interfered, and when the owner resented his interference, saying, "It's not your dog," he cried out, "It's God's dog and I'm here to protect it."

In the writings of Stevenson we have our attention called to out-door life and to the beauties of nature as seen in mountains and seashore. He has stimulated our imagination and led us to give more attention to the world about us, and the beauty of Nature as "God keeps an open house."

Dr. Dawson's testimonial to Stevenson deserves our attention. Stevenson "has spoken to the poet that exists in every man. He has hung the common room of life with inimitable tapestries, woven on the looms of God. He has brought to tired men in cities a new vision of the wonder of the earth. . . . For of all boons that men can bring to man none is greater than to give vision to his eyes and make him feel the grandeur of that elemental life of which he is a part."

He wrote a number of books while living in Samoa, frequently doing it in bed, though at the last he dictated while walking rapidly up and down the room. Here he wrote "The Dynamiter" and "The Wrong Box," in collaboration with Lloyd Osborne, as well as "The Wreckers" and "The Ebb Tide."

His first story of any note, "Will o' the Mill," was written in France. His first book was "An Inland Voyage," which attracted little attention, though it is a charming narrative of travel. "Treasure Island,"

his first novel, was written, he tells us, in two periods of about fifteen days each. Many call it his best work. "Kidnapped," which he at the time thought his best, was written at Bournemouth in about five months. R. H. Stoddard says of this story: "The fight in the round-house is as unforgettable as any of the fierce combats in the Iliad." "The Pavilion of the Links" he wrote at Monterey, California.

With the stories of Stevenson, though they may "harrow up the soul and freeze the young blood" by the narration of crimes committed, there comes also the fear of a future punishment and coming retribution. Is there a better illustration of this than in one of the chapters of "The Ebb Tide"? Three men are planning the murder of Attwater, and he knows it. Seated on his verandah after dinner he suddenly strikes a bell and asks them to observe its effect. "The note rose clear and strong, it rang out clear and far into the night, and over the deserted islands. It died into the distance until there lingered in the porches of the ear a vibration that was sound no longer. 'Empty houses, empty sea, solitary beaches,' said Attwater; 'and yet God hears the bell and yet we sit on this verandah on a lighted stage with all heaven for spectators.' The captain sat mesmerized. At length, bursting with a sigh from the spell that bound him, he stammers out: 'So you mean to tell me now that you sit here evenings and ring up — well, ring up the angels by yourself?' — 'As a matter of historic

fact one does not,' replied Attwater. 'Why ring a bell when there flows out from one's self and everything about one a far more momentous silence? The least beat of my heart, and the least thought in my mind echoing into eternity, forever and forever, and forever?'"

In the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," we are forcibly reminded of the duality in our nature, of the continual warfare between body and spirit; and as an allegory of that strife that story will be read and studied. "The man was literally torn between the good and evil natures. In his right mind given to serious and religious thoughts; in the guise of Mr. Hyde, guilty of abominable vices, repenting and sinning in turn; to the last desiring good but unable to achieve it; and the appalling moment comes when Mr. Hyde can no more be transferred back to Dr. Jekyll."

Stevenson died in his forty-fifth year, December 4, 1894. Not a long life, we may say, in point of time, but a great one we think in the work he so nobly accomplished. He has made the world better by having lived in it. He has left a rich legacy to posterity in the numerous books of romance, poetry, stories, and criticism which have found a place in our libraries. He wrote to amuse, to instruct, and to help mankind. His loss was keenly felt by his devoted Samoan friends as well as by his family. One of the old Mataafa chiefs crouched beside the body of his departed friend,

whom he called "Tusitala," which means "The Teller of Tales." "When Mataafa was taken," he exclaimed, "who was our support but Tusitala? We were in prison and he cared for us; we were sick and he made us well; we were hungry and he fed us; the day was no longer than his kindness."

With great labor they constructed a pathway up the steep mountain, to the summit which Stevenson had designated as his last resting-place. A bronze plate on one side of the stone, in the Samoan language, commemorates his love for the Samoans. It reads, "The tomb of Tusitala," followed by the speech of Ruth to Naomi taken from the Samoan Bible: —

"Whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die and there will I be buried."

On the other side are inscribed in bronze the verses which he himself had written to mark his tomb.

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

"This is the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Nov. 10, 1728–April 4, 1774

Early recollections of the descriptions and characters found in "The Deserted Village" induced the writer to select Oliver Goldsmith as the subject of the present paper.

His life was one of varied conditions and pursuits, and was marked with many mistakes and failures, but the excellence of his writings and the praise which has been given to them for elegance of style and beautiful description will, I believe, warrant a careful consideration of his life and labors.

He was born at Pallas, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father, the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was a Protestant clergyman depending for his support upon a small pastorate, together with the products of some fields which he farmed in connection with his pastoral duties; and, content with his station, "was passing rich with forty pounds a year." Oliver seems to have inherited many of the characteristics of the Goldsmith family, "whose hearts were said to be in the right place but whose heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought."

His father, however, was a man of excellent character, of generous heart, poor but honest; and, esteem-

ing learning better than wealth, he desired that his son should receive a good education. At six years of age Oliver was placed under the tutorship of an old soldier, Thomas Byrne, a good-natured man with some literary taste, who delighted his pupils with a display of his knowledge of foreign lands and his past experience. At eleven he was sent to a school of repute at Athlone, about five miles from his father's house, kept by one Reverend Mr. Campbell, where he remained two years. Then he spent three years at Edgeworthstown under the tutorship of the Reverend Patrick Huges.

During his school days he was not renowned for scholarship, and I fail to find any record of high rank attained during this period. His cultivation of athletics was carefully attended to, he being always ready for sport; and whenever a trick was to be played or a game was proposed, Oliver was always on hand. At seventeen he entered Trinity College in Dublin as a "sizar," or poor scholar, and was compelled to do the servant's offices of sweeping the courts in the morning, carrying up dishes from the fellows' dining-table in the afternoon, and waiting in the hall till the fellows had dined. In scholarship he took such low rank, especially in mathematics, as to anger his college tutor, and at one time it looked as if he would graduate in advance of his class without securing his degree.

He did, however, succeed at one time in gaining

some college honor which secured him a prize of thirty shillings. This so delighted him that he celebrated the occasion by having a small dancing party in his rooms. Suddenly, in the midst of the sport, in walked the college tutor and suddenly stopped the sport by knocking Goldsmith down. By this Goldsmith felt so disgraced that the next day he sold his books and started for Cork, with a view of going to America. His brother Henry, hearing of this sudden departure, went hastily after him and induced him to return to college, where he remained two years more and finally graduated with his class in February, 1749, being twenty-one years of age.

His father having died two years previously, his college expenses were borne principally by his uncle, Reverend Thomas Contarine. The latter and Oliver's brother Henry both being pastors, it was not unexpected that Oliver's family friends should advise him to follow his father's calling, as a humble village preacher. Accordingly it was proposed that during the next two years he should prepare himself to be commissioned as a preacher. For the clerical profession he had no liking, and the two years were spent in miscellaneous ways; some reading and a great deal of idleness; probably Bishop Elphin, to whom he made application for orders, wisely thought he would not make a successful preacher and refused the appointment. His uncle then found him a place as tutor in the family of a Mr. Flinn. Here he stayed

one year, when his term suddenly ended, for in a game of cards which was played in the family, Goldsmith accused one of them of unfair play and a speedy separation followed.

Disappointed again, he started for Cork with a purpose to sail for America, his ticket was purchased, and the vessel was soon to sail, the captain delaying the start until the wind was favorable. Meanwhile Goldsmith took a short excursion into the country; the wind suddenly sprang up in his absence, and the captain sailed away without him.

Law was the next profession to which his inclination turned. His uncle advanced him fifty pounds with which to seek entrance to the Inns of Court in Dublin, and thither he went. Here the attractions of gaming and the hope of raising his fifty pounds to two hundred, reduced his pile to fifty pence. Disappointed, and with shame, he wrote to his uncle and returned home.

What course they should advise him next to pursue greatly puzzled his friends. For a time he remained, like Wilkins Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up." He had made failures in attempting to enter two of the professions, but on the suggestion of a friend that he would make a good doctor, it was determined to start him toward that profession; so in 1752, three years after his graduation at college, we find him starting for Edinburgh. On reaching that city he hired a room, deposited his baggage, and went

out to look round. Returning late, he found that he had forgotten the name and address of his landlady; fortunately he came across the porter who had taken his baggage on his arrival, and who soon released him from his dilemma. He spent two years here in the study of medicine, then desired to finish his medical studies on the Continent and applied to his uncle for further funds, with which he started for Leyden to attend the lectures of Albinus, the great professor, there. For some unexplained reason he determined to go farther. He borrowed a little money from a fellow student, as he was too shamefaced to make further appeals to his friends, and set out to make the tour of Europe on foot, with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a guinea!

His method of proceeding is described in "The Vicar of Wakefield" in the account given by the Philosophic Vagabond: "I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall I played one of my merriest tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day; but in truth I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always

thought my performance odious and never made me any return for my endeavors to please them."

On February 1, 1756, he returned penniless to Dover. During his absence his uncle, who had given him so much assistance, had died. He could not find in London the peasants he had found in France, by whose aid he could earn his living by playing his flute; but he took up in turn different pursuits with which to earn a livelihood, and at one time was a strolling player, then obtained a position as a druggist's clerk, was for a time an usher in a school, then hired a garret in a miserable court on the bank of Fleet Ditch as it was called, from which he climbed by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Break-Neck Steps to his room in the garret, containing a bed and but one chair, so that when a visitor came he gave up his chair and sat on the window-sill.

In this garret he attempted to do some literary work, and wrote some literary articles which were accepted by the press and gave him a small return. His ability as a writer secured him a place with a bookseller by the name of Griffiths in April, 1757, for one year as a contributor to the "Monthly Review." This engagement was terminated at the end of five months, as his employer accused him of idleness and neglect of his duties. Until the time that he spent with Griffiths it never entered his head that literature was his natural vocation.

De Quincey carefully notes in writing of Gold-

smith a progress upward in the development of literature. In Goldsmith's time the public were not as well developed intellectually as at present. Public libraries, newspapers, and periodical literature have given a stimulus since then. There were two classes of people who understood literature in the eighteenth century: first, the aristocracy, and second, the commercial class. The artisans then were below the gentry. Expanding politics, partisanship, and journalism called at first an inferior class of laborers into the field. Literature became a trade. The popular writer then must speak in a way to attract the lower class and speak to that which is least permanent in human sensibilities. The moralist, to be popular, must be self-degrading to the lowest order of minds.

All motives of Goldsmith's nature moved in the direction of the true, the natural, the sweet and gentle. He did not condescend to Fielding's "Tom Jones" or scenes of Smollett. Formerly the author was an object of ridicule because there was no connection between literature and money-making. Poverty was the badge of all his tribe. A *nobility* was then possible only in the ratio of the grandeur and magnificence developed for social results. Now all the fine arts popularly called such have risen in esteem. The public has been slowly trained to fix its attention upon the intellect which is presupposed in the arts rather than upon the offices of pleasure to which they minister.

An aristocratic man will now ask an artist into his society when formerly he would have transferred him to the house steward's table. It was fortunate for Goldsmith that, amid his poverty and many hindrances to progress, he possessed such a constitutional gayety of heart; as he himself said, he had "a knack of hoping."

His miscellaneous writings were the "Inquiry into the present state of Polite Learning in Europe"; later he was a contributor to a literary work called "The Bee" and wrote the world-famous "Letters, from a Citizen of the World." At one period of his struggle for recognition as a writer he received and acted upon the suggestion made that it would secure him more recognition and standing if he should also take up in connection with his literary work that of a physician, to which he had previously given some attention. Accordingly Goldsmith purchased a full-dressed professional wig, a sword, and a gold-headed cane. It was apparently with some reluctance that he left his old haunts, giving up his ale-house club at Islington and his nights at St. Giles's. "In truth," said he, "one has to make vast sacrifices for good company's sake. Here am I, shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably."

The changed condition did not, professionally speaking, seem to be very prosperous or successful; his practice, being chiefly among his friends, was not sufficient for his maintenance. The only instance re-

membered of his practice was the case of a Mrs. Sidebotham, whom he attended, and who consulted with the apothecary as to the expediency of taking the quantity of medicine called for in the prescription directed by Dr. Goldsmith. She sided with the apothecary instead of the doctor. This so annoyed Dr. Goldsmith that he quitted the house in disgust, saying that he would leave off prescribing for his friends. "Do so, my dear doctor," observed Beauclerc; "whenever you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies." Thus terminated his career in the last of the three professions — Theology, Law, and Physic — to which he had at different times given his attention.

In the minute record kept by Boswell of his first evening with Johnson at the Mitre Tavern, we find Johnson saying : "Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles but is coming out right."

His different literary works, however, at length brought his name before the public and secured his recognition by Dr. Johnson, through whose recommendation he was introduced into the Literary Club, where he met Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerc, Edmund Burke, and others. The club at first consisted of nine members, and was later increased to twelve. The members met at the Turk's Head Tavern every Monday night at seven o'clock, and took supper together. Dr. Johnson was its most

prominent and influential member, called by Smollett the "Great Cham of Literature."

Boswell writes that Goldsmith was very jealous of the extraordinary attention that was paid to Dr. Johnson, and was much mortified on one occasion when he was talking to the members, to be interrupted by a German who sat next to him, who, seeing that Johnson was acting as if about to speak, suddenly stopped Goldsmith, saying: "Stay, stay, Toctor Shonson is going to say something."

"And are you sure, Sir," replied Goldsmith sharply, "that you can comprehend what he says?"

The acquaintance formed by Goldsmith with the different members of the club secured him the friendship and assistance which he needed in aid of his literary pursuits, which he had now taken up in earnest.

His publication of "The Traveller" increased his popularity among the members of the club, and of this work Johnson remarked to Boswell: "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." It was dedicated to his brother, the Reverend Henry Goldsmith. It appeared in 1764, and summarizes Goldsmith's experiences as a traveler in the different countries he had passed through, and comments upon their beauty of scenery, the people and the government, but concludes that our happiness depends far less upon political institutions than upon the temper and regulation of our minds.

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part, which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd
Our own felicity we make or find."

His comedy, "The Good-natured Man," was performed in Covent Garden in 1768, and by it he managed to clear about five hundred pounds. This enabled him to move to more luxurious apartments, where he entertained constant parties of friends, to the great annoyance of Blackstone, who was diligently preparing his Commentaries in the rooms beneath. He wrote also the "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," the "History of Rome," "History of England," "History of Greece," "Life of Richard Nash," and various essays.

There has been no author probably who has put more of his personal history into his works than did Goldsmith. The characters of his novel were not creations of his imagination but were real personalities, and under fictitious names he described people whom he had met in life.

One morning Dr. Johnson received a message from Goldsmith requesting him to come as soon as possible to his room. Johnson went and found that Goldsmith had been arrested by his landlady for rent due. Upon his asking Goldsmith as to what literary papers he had by him which might be sold to raise the money, "The Vicar of Wakefield" was presented. This was taken by Dr. Johnson and sold to a bookseller near

by for sixty pounds, which enabled Goldsmith to pay his rent and left him some pounds to spare. In this excellent novel the Vicar is supposed closely to resemble his father, while the philosophical vagabond is thought by many to be Goldsmith himself. The prodigality of spending, the sympathy for the poor and afflicted, and the great love for humanity, were qualities of which he was himself conscious and proud and which he took delight in portraying in this favorite novel. It was written at a time when there was but little attention paid to reform of the criminal. In this story we notice that great attention was given to the good vicar's plans for work in the jail, to his faithful and persevering attempts to make the occupants better, by sound advice and interest taken in their spiritual welfare.

In this novel Goldsmith has given in a pleasing manner a personal history of the Primrose family, the temporal concerns of which were chiefly committed to Mrs. Primrose's management, while the spiritual were taken entirely under the direction of the good Dr. Primrose. Both parents and children were often deceived by persons with whom they had dealings. They were simple and unschooled in the ways of the world, as harmless as doves but not as wise as serpents, and were unable to cope with the sharpers and scoundrels whom they met. The family history exhibits a series of blunders, mistakes, temptations, and trials, the nature of which Goldsmith's early experience had qualified him to describe.

"Others' follies teach us not, nor much their wisdom teaches,
The most of sterling worth, is what our own experience preaches."

Goldsmith had only to draw upon his past history for the experience given in this novel, which has a strong resemblance to the many blunders, mistakes, and disappointments of his own life. The novel closes with returning happiness and prosperity to the good Vicar and family, and its moral is that Good is triumphant over Evil.

In the comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," published in 1773, the chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. Such a mistake actually occurred in Goldsmith's life, when on one occasion he was on his way home from college, lost his way, and when he inquired the way to an inn, was directed by a joker to an elegant private mansion, where he gave his orders as if in an inn, inviting the owner and his family to sup with him; nor did he discover the mistake he had made until he left the following morning, the proprietor entering into the plan to carry out the deception into which his guest had been led. The comedy is often presented on the stage at the present day, to delighted audiences.

Johnson's opinion of the comedy was this: "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry."

In May, 1770, "The Deserted Village" was pub-

lished. Five editions were exhausted in three months; since then over one hundred have been published. Of all his writings I think this is most read and admired. It is a poem describing the scenes of his boyhood and home life, and the different characters of his father's family and vicarage. It is dedicated to his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. The village preacher is thought to represent the father or brother of Oliver.

"A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize —
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
. . . . . .

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side —
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. —
. . . . . .

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;

Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm.
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Among the last writings of Goldsmith the satire called "Retaliation" is found. On one occasion, as he was late in joining the members of a club who dined occasionally at the St. James Coffee-house, the members humorously greeted him on his entrance as the "late Dr. Goldsmith," and some epitaphs were proposed. Garrick's was the most cutting: —

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel but talked like poor Poll."

To appease Goldsmith's wrath it was agreed among the members that Goldsmith should have his turn at them in reply. Of Garrick he wrote: —

"Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.
. . . . . .
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'T was only that when he was off, he was acting."

Of Burke he wrote: —

"Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much.
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
. . . . . .
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

Goldsmith's life was not a long one; he died at the age of forty-five. Thirty years of taking in, fifteen years of giving out, is a brief summary of his life. His virtues are finely characterized by Welsh, whose statement I now use: "As a novelist he wrote the first pure example of simple domestic fiction. He had buffetted the trials and temptations of the world, and they had widened his sympathies; he had seen suffering and bled for it; want, and relieved it; iniquity, and deplored it; gladness, and loved it, sadness, and cheered it; because tenderness and sunshine were in him. Thus it is, by this fact of intimate contact with human nature and experience, that he held in his hand the moving strings of humanity and drew from them immortal harmonies.

"Other writings have had higher power — his have that universal expression which never rises above the comprehension of the humblest, yet is ever on the level with the understanding of the loftiest: that familiar sweetness of household imagery which wins them welcome alike in the palace of the rich and the cottage of the poor, to solace and improve and gladden all. He wrote from the heart, seemingly unconscious of his fairy gifts and the excellence of his creations. 'Mr. Goldsmith,' said Paoli, 'is like the sea which casts forth pearls and many other beautiful things without perceiving it.'"

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the renowned artist, was one of his closest friends, and by him he was often enter-

tained at his home. Here he met the two sisters, the Misses Catherine and Mary Horneck, Catherine the eldest being called "Little Comedy," while Mary had the loving nickname of the "Jessamy Bride." The latter exerted a strange fascination over Goldsmith, and in the pleasant society of both sisters he passed many happy hours in the latter part of his life.

Goldsmith was never married, but the great affection Miss Mary had for him was shown at the time of his funeral. Before the lid of the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of hair was requested by her, and to satisfy this late request the coffin was opened and a lock of hair cut off which she treasured to her dying day.

His remains were committed to their final resting-place in the burial ground of the Temple Church.

Not long after his death the Literary Club raised by subscription a fund to erect a monument to Goldsmith's memory in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Johnson prepared a Latin epitaph. To this the members of the Club objected, desiring that it should be in English, "the language to which his works were likely to be so lasting an ornament." Such, however, was their awe of Dr. Johnson, that they decided to address a formal petition to him, signed by all, suggesting that English seemed more suitable than Latin. As no one desired to incur Dr. Johnson's displeasure by heading such a petition, they all signed their names in a circle around the request, making what mutinous sailors call a "round robin."

The appeal made to Dr. Johnson did not move him to consent to change the Latin inscription. When he read the names he said: "I wonder that Joe Wharton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool. I should have thought too that 'Mund Burke would have had more sense." He said that he was willing to modify the sense of the epitaph in any manner the gentlemen pleased, but he never would consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. The Latin inscription was accordingly placed upon the marble tablet in Westminster Abbey, where it now remains in the Poets' Corner. It may be translated as follows: —

OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH
A POET, NATURALIST, AND HISTORIAN
WHO LEFT SCARCELY ANY STYLE OF WRITING UNTOUCHED
AND TOUCHED NOTHING THAT HE DID NOT ADORN
OF ALL THE PASSIONS
WHETHER SMILES WERE TO BE MOVED OR TEARS
A POWERFUL YET GENTLE MASTER
IN GENIUS, SUBLIME, VIVID, VERSATILE
IN STYLE, ELEVATED, CLEAR, ELEGANT
THE LOVE OF COMPANIONS
THE FIDELITY OF FRIENDS
AND THE VENERATION OF READERS
HAVE BY THIS MONUMENT HONORED THE MEMORY
HE WAS BORN IN IRELAND
AT A PLACE CALLED PALLAS
IN THE PARISH OF FORNEY AND THE COUNTY OF LONGFORD
ON THE 10TH NOVEMBER, 1728
EDUCATED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN
AND DIED IN LONDON
4TH APRIL, 1774

ADDISON'S SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

At midnight in June, 1719, a funeral procession might have been seen passing through the aisles of Westminster Abbey until it reached the Poets' Corner, where the remains of Joseph Addison were then tenderly committed to the place prepared, to rest with the many other noted men whom the English nation has delighted to honor. Addison's life had not been a long one, terminating in the beginning of his forty-eighth year. He was born at Milston, May 1, 1672, thirteen years before the death of Charles II. His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison.

When fifteen years of age Joseph Addison entered Queen's College, Oxford, and the following year became Fellow of Magdalen College. He received later a pension from the government. He traveled on the continent to qualify himself for diplomatic service, and in 1703 returned to England.

His literary work commenced in 1705, when he published remarks on poets of Italy, where he had traveled. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State in 1706, and was elected a member of Parliament in 1708. His fame, however, rests not upon labors in school, or college, or in government affairs, but upon his literary ability as a writer and contributor to the

English newspapers, the "Tatler" and "Spectator," and it is chiefly in reference to his efforts upon the latter that this essay is written. He was a friend of Richard Steele, who published the "Tatler," so called, the publisher stated, in honor of the fair sex; and to this publication Addison sent many valuable contributions from Ireland.

"Isaac Bickerstaff" was the name of the person who figured chiefly as sending in many contributions to the "Tatler," which was first published in April 12, 1709; and as this paper inaugurated the methods afterwards copied by the "Spectator," published one year later, it may be interesting to know of the origin of the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, prophetic almanacs were quite popular in England, published under the title of "Prognostications." The most famous prophet of the times was a fellow, a shoemaker by trade, called John Partridge, who styled himself "Student of Astrology." He pretended in his almanacs to foretell coming events by consulting the stars. His foolish predictions led Jonathan Swift, the famed author of "Gulliver's Travels," to satirize in a ludicrous way the methods used by John Partridge. He published, under the name of "Isaac Bickerstaff," certain predictions of events that were to take place in 1708 affecting the future of nations and individuals, written, as he claimed, to prevent the people of England from being further imposed

upon by any vulgar almanac-makers, like John Partridge. He claimed that the latter had been abusing the confidence of the English people. "Illiterate traders," he said, "between us and the stars import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly and impertinence which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains."

This imposition "Bickerstaff" proposed to remedy, and as a proof of his infallibility, he proceeded to prophesy some marvelous events about to take place in the future, announcing, among other things, that in reference to John Partridge the almanac-maker he had consulted the star of his nativity, and discovered that he would infallibly die upon March 29, 1708, of a raging fever, about 11 o'clock P. M. This audacious announcement was soon followed by a communication censuring Isaac Bickerstaff for writing such rash prophecies, and asserting that his false predictions would soon be unmasked.

On March 30, 1708, appeared another of Isaac Bickerstaff's papers, entitled, "The Accomplishment of the Fruit of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge, the almanac-maker, upon the 29th instant," in which it was stated that Mr. Partridge died at about five minutes after seven, " by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculations." Partridge, however, was not dead or sleeping, but was

made extremely angry; and as the wits of the time aided in spreading the report of his death, his wrath was increased. He kicked the newsboy in front of his own door who was selling Swift's obituary pamphlet and crying it about the streets, and vowed vengeance upon his tormentors. Soon after, another pamphlet appeared, purporting to have been written by John Partridge himself, but in reality written by the witty Congreve and the Reverend Dr. Golden. In this communication, Partridge is made to complain bitterly of the joke which had been practiced upon him, and he calls Isaac Bickerstaff "an unscientific Frenchman and Papist who is striving to bury alive a respectable Protestant astrologer."

He then goes on to state that, when the night of his predicted death by a raging fever had come, his wife had prevailed on him to take a sweat and retire early. Suddenly a neighboring bell began to toll. The servant raised the window, to inquire the cause, and she was told that Doctor Partridge had suddenly died. The maid told the man he lied, but he insisted it was true, that it was common report on the streets, and "that some one had told the sexton so, and the sexton tolled the bell." Soon an undertaker appeared at Doctor Partridge's residence to take measurements for hanging draperies. Later, the sexton came to see about the grave, the funeral sermon, etc. Partridge stoutly insisted he was not dead, but all who came claimed that he was mistaken, as the whole town

knew otherwise. In short, Congreve and Golden made Partridge say that with undertakers, embalmers, joiners, sextons, and elegy-hawkers upon a "late practitioner in physic and astrology," "I got not one wink of sleep that night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since. . . . I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this, but presently one comes up to me in the street: 'Mr. Partridge, that coffin you was last buried in I have not yet been paid for.' My poor wife is almost distracted with being called 'Widow Partridge' when she knows it is false, and once a term she is cited into the Court to take out letters of administration."

"The most memorable consequence of Swift's frolic," writes Sir Walter Scott, "was the establishment of the 'Tatler,' the first of that long series of periodical works which from the days of Addison to those of Mackenzie have enriched our literature with so many effusions of genius, humor, wit and learning." The success of this method of writing was so popular and the name of Isaac Bickerstaff so prominent, that early in the following year Richard Steele commenced the issue of a tri-weekly literary periodical, and the name of Isaac Bickerstaff appeared as its chief contributor.

The purpose of the "Tatler," Steele announced in his dedication, was "to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity and affectation and to recommend a general simplicity in our

dress, our discourse and our behavior." Its chief end was to unmask shams and to expose fallacies. In one of his papers he refers to the reported decease of John Partridge, the almanac-maker, and writes that he will, as he sees occasion, "proceed to confute other dead men who pretend to be in being, although they are actually deceased; he gives all men warning to mend their manners; for," he says, "I shall from time to time print bills of mortality, and I beg the pardon of all such who shall be named therein if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the number of the deceased."

Of the 271 numbers of the "Tatler," Steele wrote 164, Steele and Addison jointly 36, and Addison 42.

On January 2, 1711, the "Tatler" came to a sudden close, only to be followed two months later by the "Spectator," which commenced March 1, 1711, and 555 numbers followed; of these Addison furnished 274, Steele 236, Budgett, Tickell, Pope, Hughes, and one or two others wrote the remaining 45.

It was published daily, until December 6, 1712. It was revived by Addison January 18, 1714, and published three times a week until December 20, but in this last issue Steele had little to do and Sir Roger and the Club do not appear.

I have gone into this lengthy introduction as to the origin of the "Spectator," in order to show how Addison was initiated into writing those famous papers which have made his name immortal. Those which

have particularly made him distinguished are the Sir Roger de Coverley papers. Addison by these attempted to show to the world in a humorous way the free-and-easy life of a country baronet, together with the eccentricities of his companions, whom he grouped together as members of a club. The name of Roger de Coverley had its origin in the name of a knight of the time of Richard I, who invented a tune used at the country-dances called Roger de Coverley, and by Swift this name was suggested as a proper one for the knight of the Spectator Club. Next comes the law student who is a member of the Inner Temple, one of the four societies of London which have the sole right of calling persons to the English bar. We find also Sir Andrew Freeport, the Free-Trader and British Merchant, who calls the sea the British common, Captain Sentry, the courageous member, Will Honeycomb, the fop and stylish gentleman, and the clergyman who treats divine topics with much authority "as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes and conscious hopes from his decays and infirmities."

All these are in turn brought out for consideration. The characters are not often seen together in the Club, but the Spectator, by conversations which take place in the different essays, humorously portrays their several characters and at the same time interweaves with their discourse various thoughts upon the dress, social habits, and customs of the times. He is a silent

observer of the faults, the daily walks and talks of society people. Men and women at home, abroad, in church, at the play, in the law court, and on the street, afford attractive subjects for his observations. His early training in a minister's family had given his education an elevating and noble inclination, and he disliked very much to see men and women devoting their lives to those pursuits and enjoyments which perish with the using and give the possessor no lasting benefit.

During the reign of Charles II there was no elevated society or literature. Court life had been of a frivolous nature. Morals had been lowered. The Puritans, whose ideas in Cromwell's time were highly religious and ascetic, had given way to men whose ideas were of an opposite character. Society was changing from one extreme to the other. It was Addison's belief that innocent amusement was needed, but that it did not necessarily mean, because one was inclined to pleasure and amusement, that such inclination was at variance with religion and morality. He sought to correct false impressions and improve the morals of the time, by showing up the ludicrous side of different imaginary characters, and to hold as it were the mirror up to nature and to lead men to see themselves as others see them. If he was at any time cruel, it was to be kind. No one of the Club liked to have his individual faults held up before the Spectator's search-light, but each one thought the

censure he made upon the other fellows was perfectly proper. All agreed that a general and wholesale attack made upon vice in general was excellent, but that present company should always be excepted, and that the Spectator should not attempt any sharp-shooting at any member of the Club or their companions.

The easy country gentleman was admirably portrayed in Sir Roger de Coverley. A man of lively nature, thoughtful of others, beloved among his servants and fellow townsmen, interested in having them all attend church, and standing up to see while there that their behavior was correct; in that memorable place, the court, he was a man of dignity and desired to have his claim recognized by all, taking his seat by the justices in the court-room and delighting to receive the applause of men, who, when Sir Roger was up, kept silence. In Will Wimble we find the characteristics of his name, the meaning of a wimble being that which bores a hole like a gimlet, and if a greater bore can be found than a character like Will Wimble, I think the Spectator's shot miscarried. His tedious and protracted explanation of how he caught a fish, reminds the writer of Dr. Johnson's rebuke of the man who was so prolix in describing the discomfiture of counsel upon the circuit at Shrewsbury who could n't sleep on account of the presence of fleas; Doctor Johnson heard his prolonged talk some seven or eight minutes, sitting meanwhile in impatience until the gentleman had finished his tedious narrative, and then burst

out: "It is a pity, sir, that you have not seen a lion, for a flea had taken you such a time that a lion must have served you a twelvemonth."

The summary of Will Wimble's character is aptly given by the Spectator, as he could not but consider with a great deal of concern how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. In Will Wimble's exchange of tulip-roots we are reminded of the tulip mania of former days, when tulip blossoms were so much cultivated in Holland that a great trade sprang up and speculation in tulip blossoms and tulip bulbs caused as much excitement for superiority in culture as the competition for the prize in a Holyoke Rose Show.[1]

Sir Roger had a noble ancestry to boast of and traced his lineage down by describing it in the ancestral picture-gallery, including the "three sisters," —the first very beautiful who died a maid, the second still handsomer, had the same fate against her will; while the third, a homely one who got all the property, was stolen by a neighbor, a man of stratagem and resolution, who poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carry-

[1] One bulb alone at one time brought 13,000 florins, nearly $6500. Three bulbs brought 30,000 florins, nearly $10,000. Cultivated in Holland, 1634–37. The trade caused great speculation, resulting at last in great failures to the speculators.

ing her off. He ends the list with the description of his immediate ancestor, Sir Humphry de Coverley, the brave man who narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars. "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester." Sir Roger's interest in the church is aptly described and a conclusion is drawn favorable to his parish compared with the neighboring one, where the parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church, and has not said two prayers in public or private for half a year, for which, says the Spectator, "the parson threatens if he does not mend his manners to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation."

Sir Roger's description of the widow is very touching; he evidently sought her hand, as he repeatedly exclaims in his praises of her, "She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world." She was a being in the eyes of Sir Roger "as inimitable to all women as she was inaccessible to all men." There is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. Sir Roger was evidently "love-cracked," for, when he goes to Spring Garden his thoughts are on the widow; and as he walks under the trees and listens to the song of the nightingales singing above him he exclaims, "Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many wonderful nights that

I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingales!" His reverie is rudely interrupted by a masked damsel who asks him if he will drink a bottle of mead with her. Sir Roger is disgusted with such rude familiarity, and as he leaves the garden he tells the mistress of the house who sits at the bar, that "he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer masks." That the widow was often in his thoughts is shown in Edward Biscuit's letter, reporting the sad news of Sir Roger's death, in which he speaks of his last days and says, "we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the last forty years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death."

The description of the books in the library of Sir Roger's client gives us an insight into the lack of literary culture of that age. The odd arrangement of china ware, counterfeit books carved in wood, quartos and octavos separated by tea-dishes, all arranged in such a manner that the Spectator did n't know at first "whether he should fancy himself in a grotto or in a library." Yet he expresses himself wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar; a satire resembling somewhat that of a college president, who was called upon by a graceless fellow

for a recommendation. It was cheerfully given by the President in these words: "Mr.—— is about to graduate with equal credit to himself and honor to the institution."

Addison was particularly fond of the classic authors, but the reader of the list of books in Leonora's Library will notice that all the classics were in wood, while "Locke on the Human Understanding" was used to keep safely the paper of "patches," which were bits of black silk used in those days to stick on the faces of fashionable ladies, as foils to heighten the whiteness of their complexions. Addison deprecated the illiterate condition of the family in his day. In one of the issues of the "Guardian," he says "it is a great pity that there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part I am concerned when I go into a great house where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell unless it be by chance the butler or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir who is a dunce both by father's and mother's side!"

Sir Roger's enthusiasm for out-door exercise is seen in the account of his day's hunting. He begins the chapter by stating that those who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul as that its felicity consists in action. Employment is needed by every one to secure a contented and happy life. He refers to the criminal confined seven years in the Bastile, who amused himself by scattering pins about his chamber and gather-

ing them up again and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair, and who said that without this employment he would be in danger of losing his senses.

To the Spectator's sound common sense as here given there is added also a tenderness of heart shown in the hunting scene as, at the close of an exciting chase, he rescues the exhausted hare from the pursuing hounds, and bears it away to a safe retreat where he has placed other captives similarly rescued from death. Sir Roger depends upon out-door sports and active exercise for health, and concludes the chapter with a prescription of Dryden, which I hope may not displease the doctor or injure his practice if I quote it here.

> "The first physicians by debauch were made;
> Excess began and sloth sustains the trade,
> By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
> Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
> But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
> Are dwindled down to three-score years and ten.
> Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
> Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
> The wise for cure on exercise depend;
> God never made his work for man to mend."

In these essays the Spectator has given us an insight into the times of Queen Anne and George I. The London clubs were the resort of the most famous literary men. The Whigs and Tories were the two parties then prominent, and in their own club-houses,

where the followers of each gathered, they heard some penny weekly newspaper read, ate, drank, smoked, talked politics or told stories, until the small hours of the morning. The "Kit-Cat Club," "Will's Coffee-House," "The Grecian," "Child's," and the "Devil" are some of the names of the club resorts.

The coffee-houses in Charles II's time were, at the close of his reign, centres where the principal men were to be found. Macaulay says the coffee-house was the Londoner's home, and those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the "Grecian" or the "Rainbow." Everybody who laid his penny at the bar was welcome. There were Puritan coffee-houses, Jew coffee-houses, and Popish coffee-houses, and these continued to flourish in Queen Anne's time as well as in the days of Charles II.

Reform was much needed in Queen Anne's time, and Addison was the right person to attempt it. I learn from Welsh's description of the times, in his "Development of English Literature," that bull-baiting and cock-fighting and gambling were prominent and that the passion of gambling was as strong among the women as the men.

The number of the coffee-houses in the metropolis in 1709, three years before the "Spectator" was published, was estimated to be three thousand. Drunkenness was common among all classes. In 1724, the

historian says, "The passion had spread among all classes with the violence of an epidemic. Retailers of gin hung out painted boards announcing that their customers could be made drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopence, and that cellars strewn with straw would be furnished without cost, into which they might be dragged when they had become insensible. Riots were frequent and robberies bold. Addison's Sir Roger, when he goes to the theatre, arms his servants with oaken cudgels. In 1712, while the 'Spectator' was being published, 'the Mohocks,' a club of young men of the higher classes, were accustomed nightly to sally out drunk into the streets, to hunt the passers-by. One of their favorite amusements, called 'tipping the lion,' was to squeeze the nose of their victim flat upon his face and to bore out his eyes with their fingers. Among them were 'the sweaters,' who encircled their prisoner and pricked him with swords till be sank exhausted, and 'dancing masters' made men caper by thrusting swords into their legs."

When we read of such violence in the days of Sir Roger we do not wonder that there was fear of the "Mohocks," when men went home late, and when we consider that it was amid such scenes and surrounded by such influences that the "Spectator" was issued, our wonder grows and our admiration for Addison is increased, as we find him so successfully combatting the evils and faults of the times, and amid such as-

sociations, rising to display such sterling integrity as his history has revealed.

Macaulay says: "So effectually indeed did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue that since his time the open violation of decency has always been considered amongst us as the sure mark of a fool." With that good-humor and playful criticism of men's lives and habits, he had also a deep love for them, and an earnest wish that they might be made better and happier and spend their lives for something noble. The shams of society had no charm in his eyes; he sought to awaken interest in something elevating, and by his words allured to something better. The venomed shaft of Pope had a bitter sting in it, but was unfair, unjust, and unkind in the judgment of the best historian of the times; the closing hours of Addison's life repel any doubts as to his goodness and sincerity. He looked from Nature up to Nature's God. His adoration of his Maker is shown in verses which Thackeray aptly says "seem to him to shine like the stars." I quote here the last part of the Hymn which is placed in Warner's "Library of Authors" as one of Addison's best productions.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"